A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

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HOBO TOURS 2008

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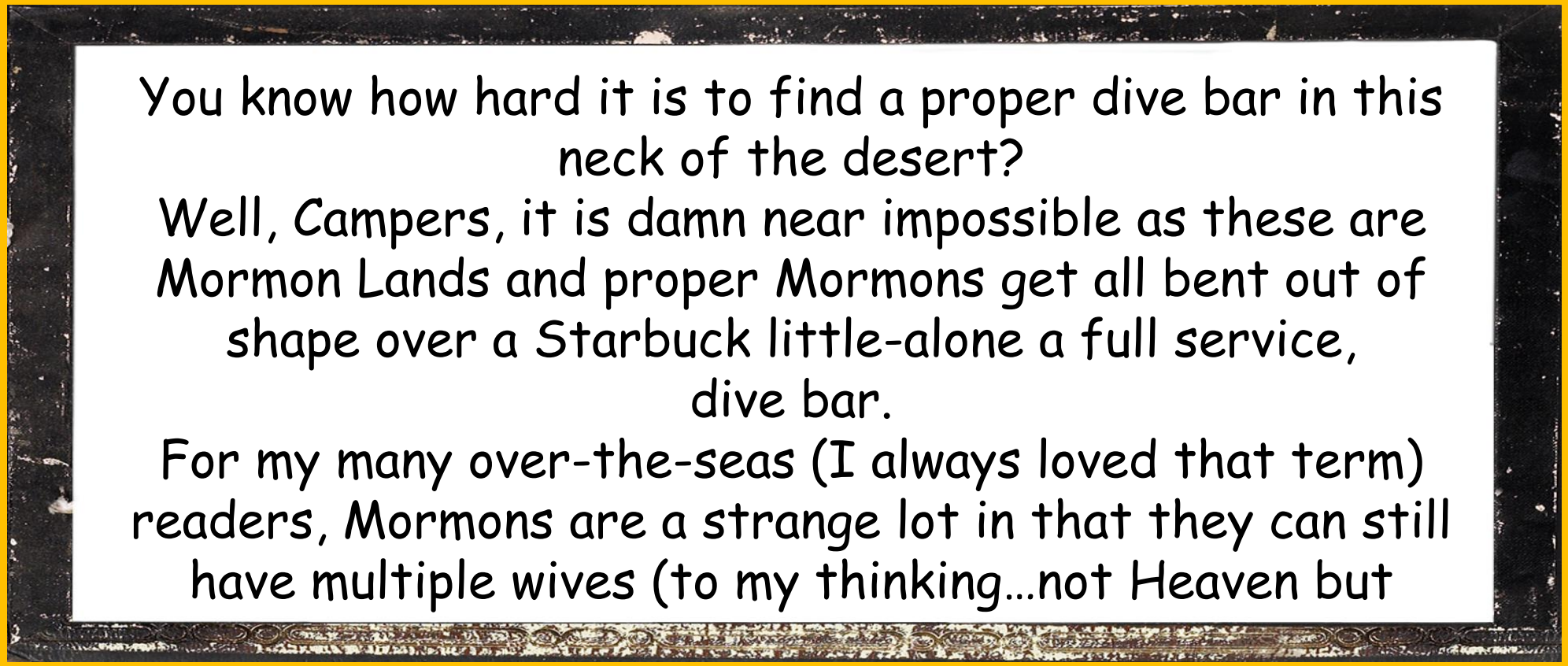

You know how hard it is to find a proper dive bar in this neck of the desert?

Well, Campers, it is damn near impossible as these are Mormon Lands and proper Mormons get all bent out of shape over a Starbuck little-alone a full service, dive bar.

For my many over-the-seas (I always loved that term) readers, Mormons are a strange lot in that they can still have multiple wives (to my thinking…not Heaven but

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Hell…just my observation) but are not allowed to partake in the consumption of spirits (alcohol), beer, tea, coffee or even a Pepsi or Doctor Pepper (a regional soda elixir of the gods).

So, a proper, die-in-the-wool dive bar is as strange as unmelted ice cream on a summertime sidewalk around here.

They can be found with a little exploring and a great deal of the journalism skills that the Columbia School of

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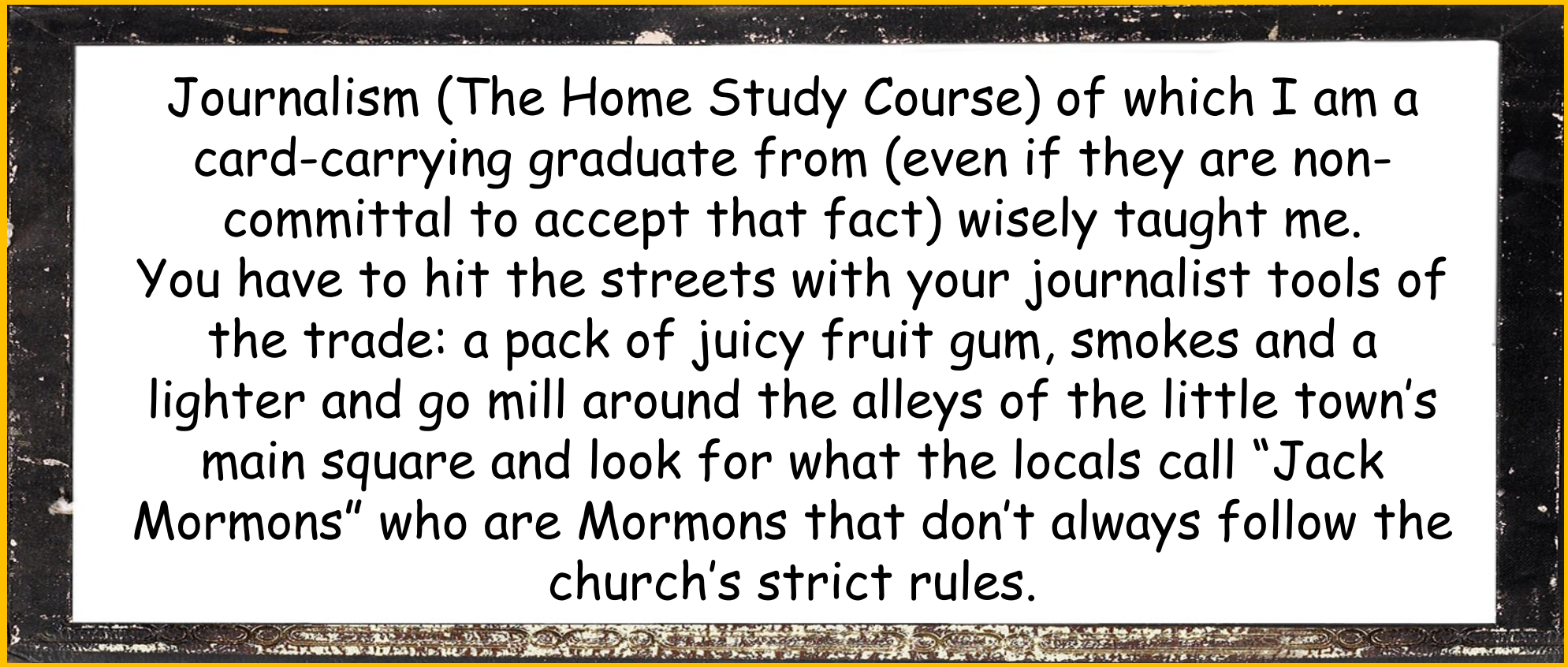
Journalism (The Home Study Course) of which I am a card-carrying graduate from (even if they are non-committal to accept that fact) wisely taught me.
You have to hit the streets with your journalist tools of the trade: a pack of juicy fruit gum, smokes and a lighter and go mill around the alleys of the little town's main square and look for what the locals call "Jack Mormons" who are Mormons that don't always follow the church's strict rules.

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

They are easy to spot as they will be hanging out in the dark alleys with a can of soda hidden in a paper bag, cautiously take a swig after they have a quick look-a-bout to make sure that no proper Mormon is watching and who would rat them out to the town Bishop at the Brotherhood Prayer Meetings.
Like in the old days with the big city druggies before they became a privileged, hip minority of immortals, Jack Mormons are a bit skittish about a stranger coming

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

up to them as there are rat finks (from the Mormon Defense League) that try to FBI their way into the Jack Mormons' loose associations and clubs. So, don't forget that you need to use a bit of awareness and non-confrontation as you would with any other secretive group.

I found a small group of younger dudes sitting on some used crates out behind the town's main Mom-N-Pop grocery. They were all sitting about in the shadows to

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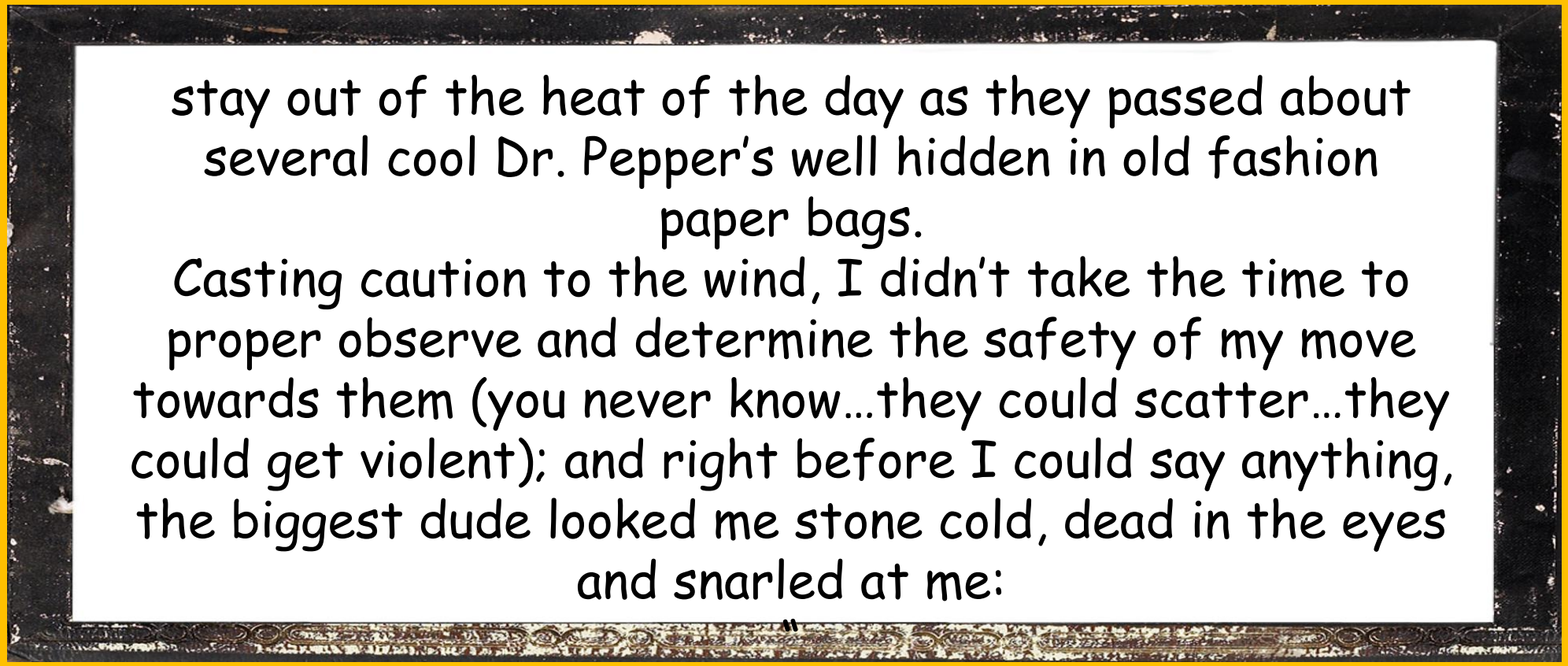

stay out of the heat of the day as they passed about several cool Dr. Pepper's well hidden in old fashion paper bags.

Casting caution to the wind, I didn't take the time to proper observe and determine the safety of my move towards them (you never know…they could scatter…they could get violent); and right before I could say anything, the biggest dude looked me stone cold, dead in the eyes and snarled at me:

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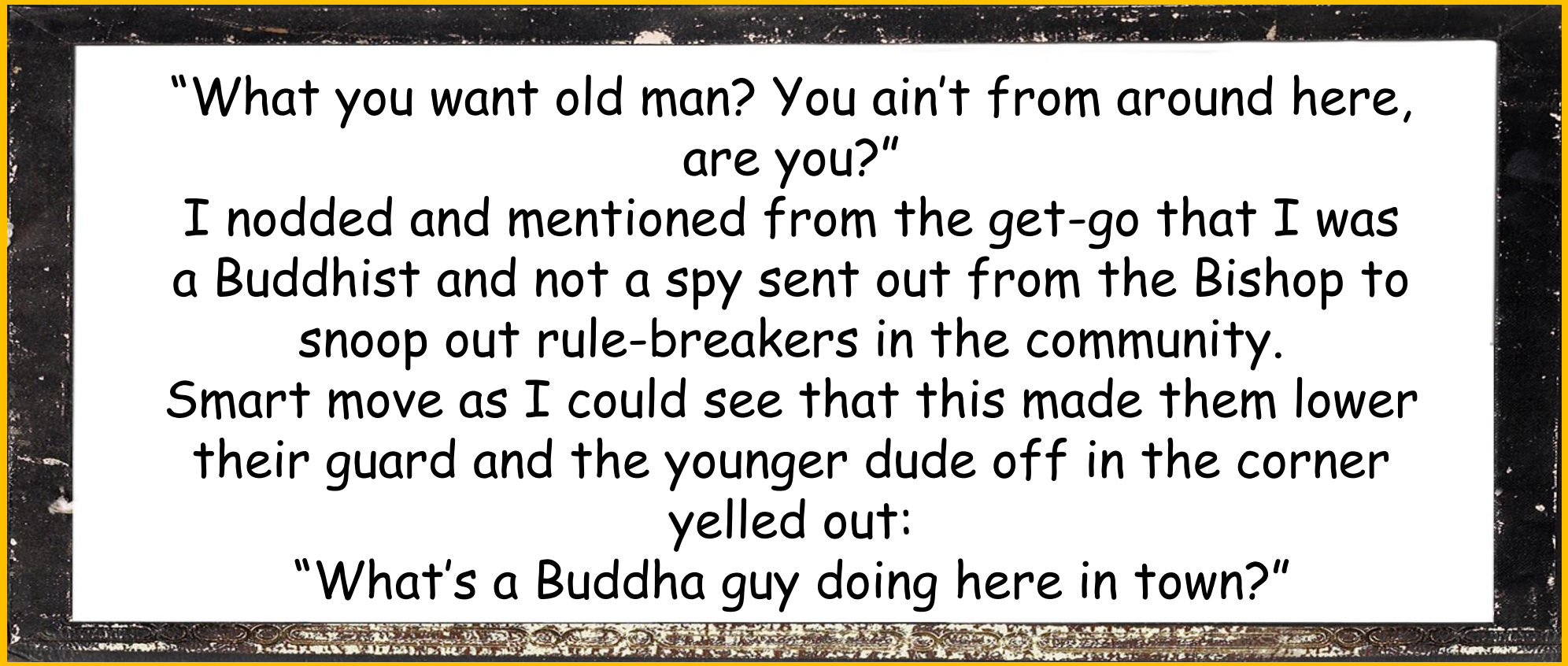
"What you want old man? You ain't from around here, are you?"
I nodded and mentioned from the get-go that I was a Buddhist and not a spy sent out from the Bishop to snoop out rule-breakers in the community.
Smart move as I could see that this made them lower their guard and the younger dude off in the corner yelled out:
"What's a Buddha guy doing here in town?"

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

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HOBO TOURS 2008

A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

"Just travel through, bubby!" I replied.
At this point, I pulled a six-pack of original Billy Beer (which I bought on Amazon in preparation for this Hobo Adventure) out of my backpack and handed it over to the group.
Normally, the Billy Beer would have been a last resort of "Please don't beat me…you can have my I-Phone…here is the code" situation but, this kind of was as I had not had a proper drink since I left Arizona (Zonna for those

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

Emil's

HOBO TOURS 2008

A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

hipsters in the know) and the Billy Beer wouldn't take the place of some vintage rock-gut whiskey served in a dirty class on a bloodstained counter (A proper Dive Bar Atmosphere).

After a few rounds of "Appreciate it, Man!" and the quick guzzling of most of the six pack; I dropped the sly spy-vs-spy hint:

"Where could a most proper Foreign Devil (like myself) go to have a slightly stronger drink?"

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

Silence fell over this collective group of my new friends and buddies and they just stared at me again as if I had just announced that I was Special Agent Emil with the Bishop's crack Defense League.

"You looking for a proper drink, are you, friend?"

I nodded and again mentioned the fact that I was a Buddhist and reassured them that Buddhist are well-known for hard drinking, arm-wrestling and after a few tall glasses, we are well-respected for our ability to

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

chant (Buddhist Rap) in several dead languages…
a secret code thing you know?
With that…we were all friends again and the biggest guy (must be like the group's lead Alpha Male) leaned in towards me and whispered in my ear:
"There is a place way out there on the edge of town that the old-timers called a speak-easy…you got a car?"
This made proper sense as that is were most of the town's immigrants had set up camp as to have more

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HOBO TOURS 2008

A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

freedom to practice their own cultural abnormalities like hard drinking, smoking and not having two or more wives without clashing with their Proper Mormon Boss Men (proper pronoun as most if not all business people in these little Mormon Communities are pale males who are taught to believe that it was a woman's {which they can properly define here} place is at home cooking and having babies).

Cranked up the old Harley 883 Sportster and chugged

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

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HOBO TOURS 2008

A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

out to the location that my new friends had supplied me with while hoping that I had not been catfished or punked about the location.

One thing you can say about all Mormons is that for the most part they are NOT lying, dog-faced, Pony Soldiers instead, they are one of the most honest groups of humans that I have ever met out here on the Hobo Trails.

You will never hear me say a diskind word about them

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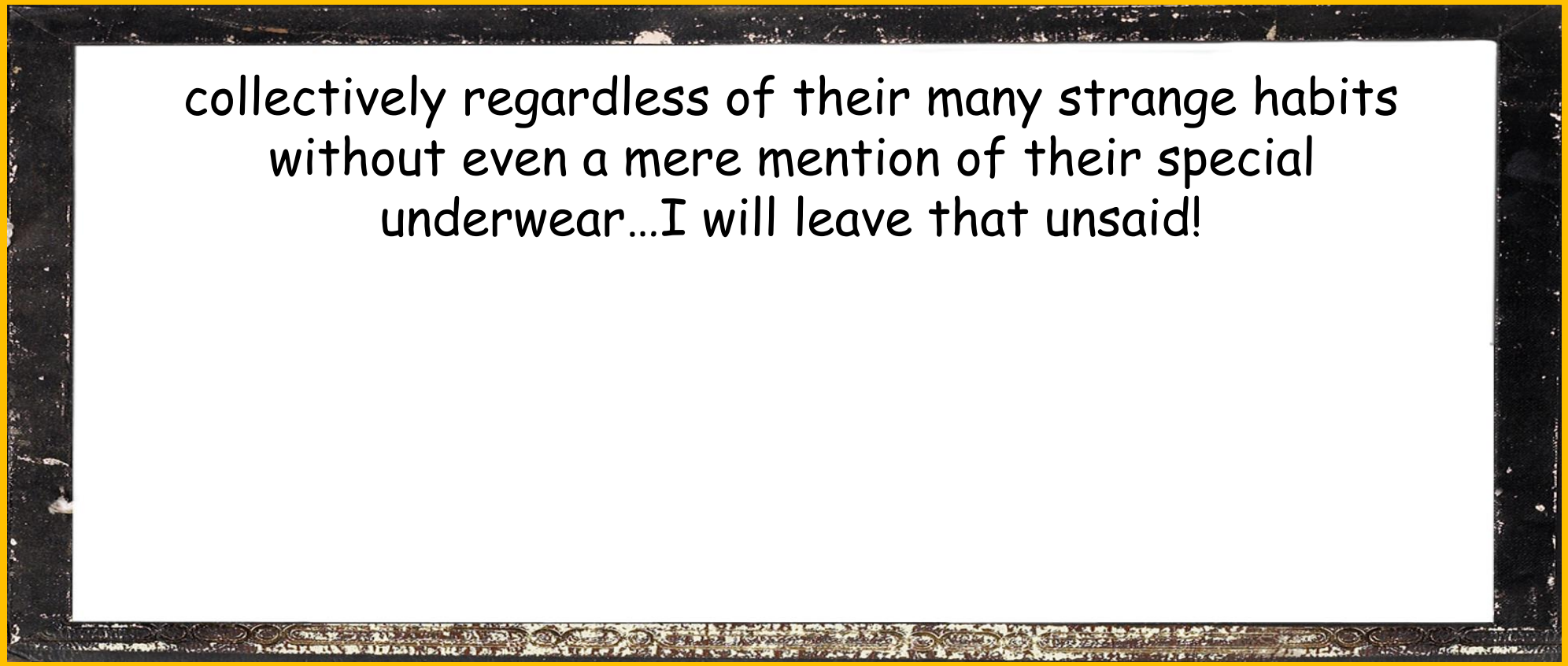
collectively regardless of their many strange habits
without even a mere mention of their special
underwear…I will leave that unsaid!

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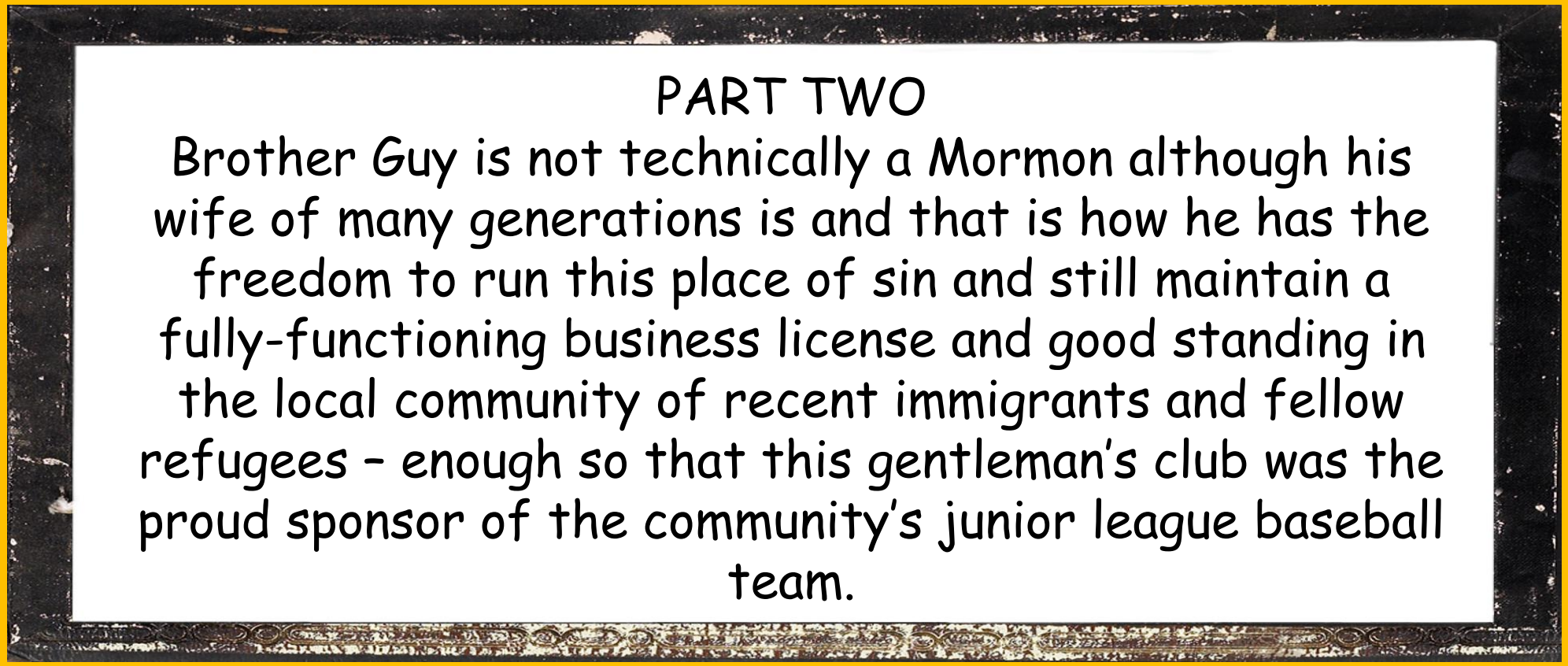

PART TWO

Brother Guy is not technically a Mormon although his wife of many generations is and that is how he has the freedom to run this place of sin and still maintain a fully-functioning business license and good standing in the local community of recent immigrants and fellow refugees – enough so that this gentleman's club was the proud sponsor of the community's junior league baseball team.

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Brother Guy was a refugee himself having fled LA (Los Angeles) a couple of years ago where he had run a successful gentleman's club down on Sunset Blvd.
I asked him how in this world or the next would he give up a successful club down on Sunset to take refuge here in this backwater community on the edge of the great northern desert.
The mid-afternoon business was slow or maybe, he was feeling chatty and this led to a long conversation about

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his life and I got a glimpse of the true man.
As he said, he had run a successful club in LA ever since his late father died and he took over just as the Disco Era was coming in.
He told me that "Damn near bankrupted me!"
"Bankrupted you, why?" I asked to continue the conversation and to bring my acquired journalist talents to bare.
Seems that with Disco came a dance craze that swept

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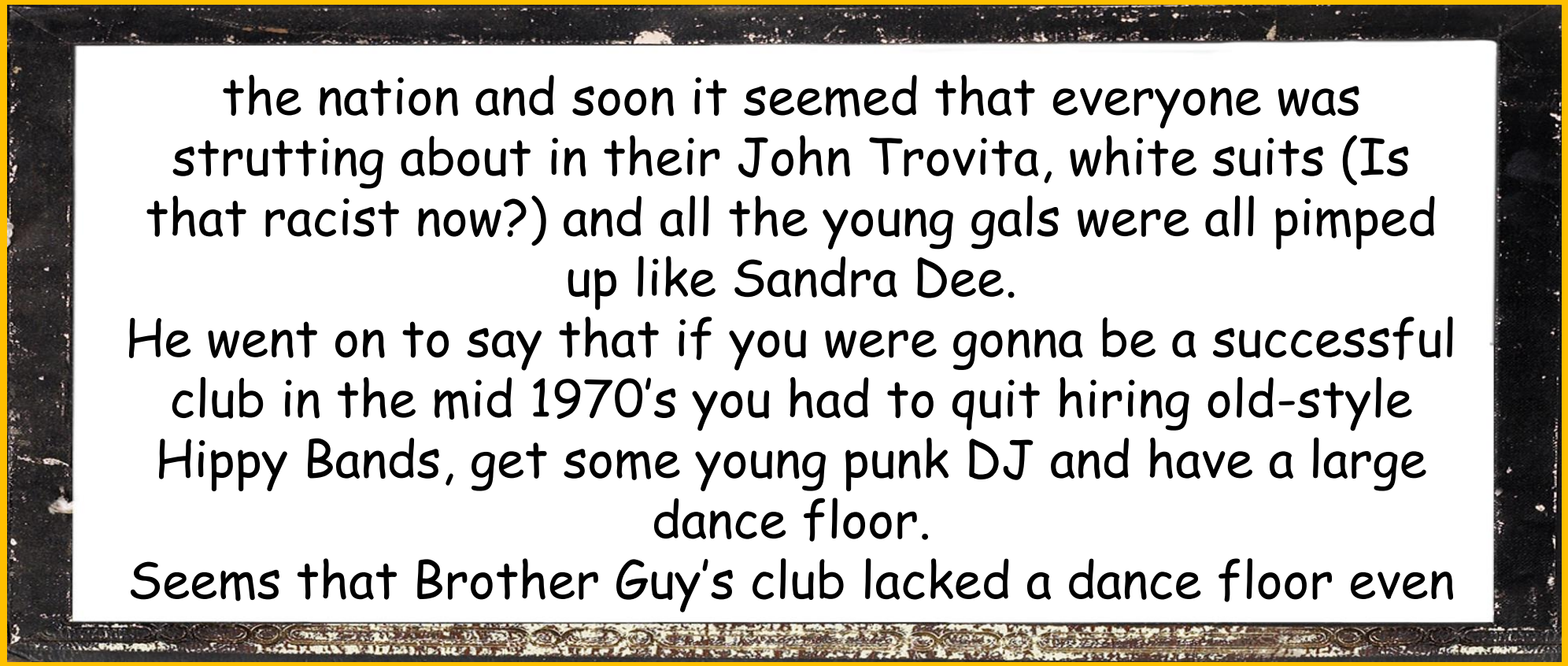

the nation and soon it seemed that everyone was strutting about in their John Trovita, white suits (Is that racist now?) and all the young gals were all pimped up like Sandra Dee.

He went on to say that if you were gonna be a successful club in the mid 1970's you had to quit hiring old-style Hippy Bands, get some young punk DJ and have a large dance floor.

Seems that Brother Guy's club lacked a dance floor even

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

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HOBO TOURS 2008

A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

though he successively tried to by removing the pool table over on the corner of the bar.
He smiled and gave out a chuckle:
"That caused a damn riot amongst the regulars and ended with that near famous night when those disco kids protested that it was hard to dance freely in the presence of all those old winos cluttering up the bar.
Let's just say that things went bad from there, the police showed up and for about an hour there was a

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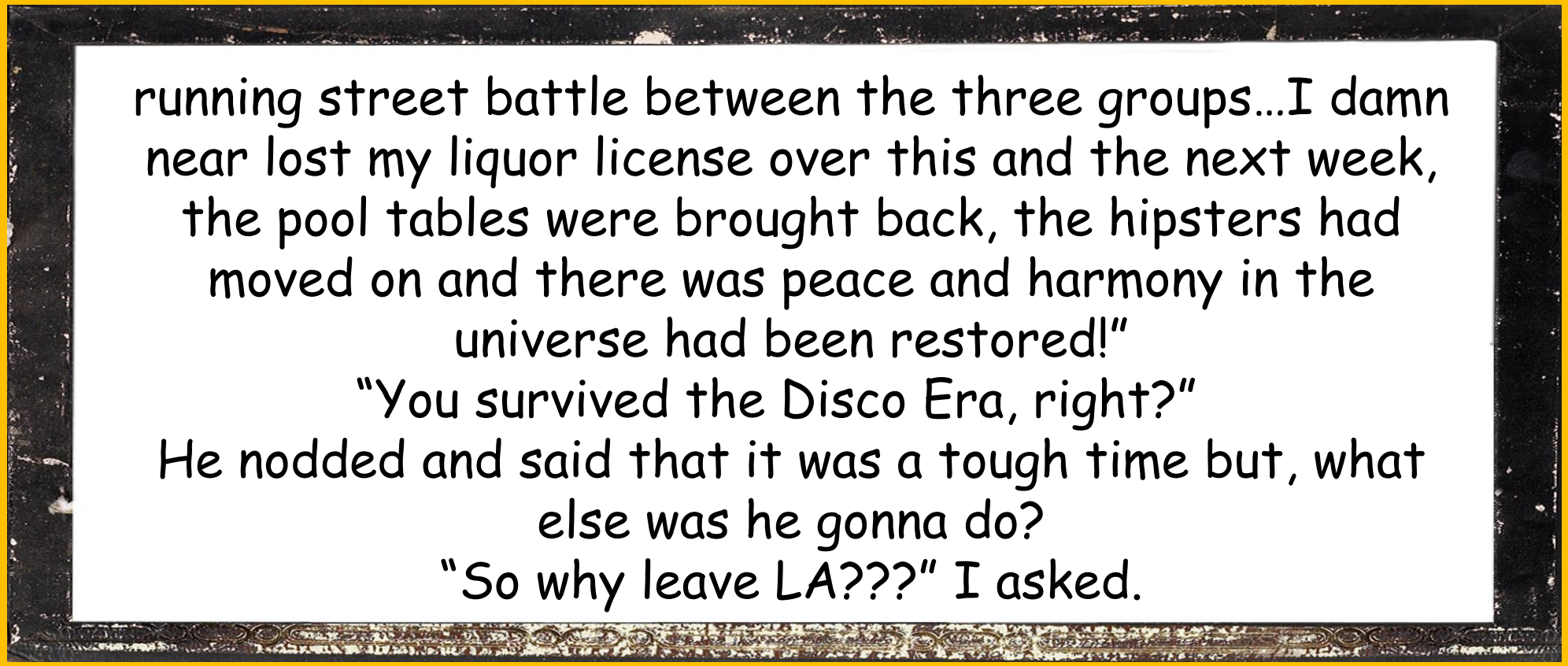
running street battle between the three groups…I damn near lost my liquor license over this and the next week, the pool tables were brought back, the hipsters had moved on and there was peace and harmony in the universe had been restored!"
"You survived the Disco Era, right?"
He nodded and said that it was a tough time but, what else was he gonna do?
"So why leave LA???" I asked.

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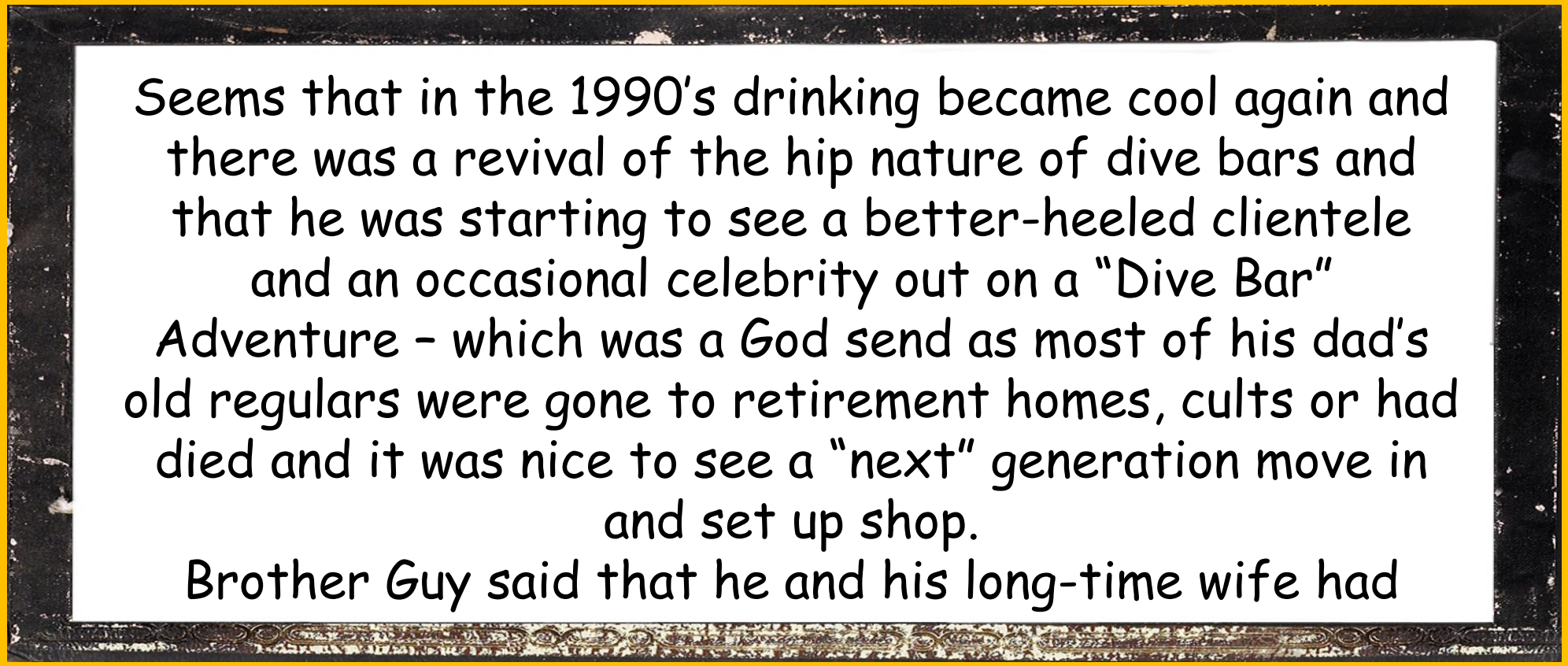
Seems that in the 1990's drinking became cool again and there was a revival of the hip nature of dive bars and that he was starting to see a better-heeled clientele and an occasional celebrity out on a "Dive Bar" Adventure – which was a God send as most of his dad's old regulars were gone to retirement homes, cults or had died and it was nice to see a "next" generation move in and set up shop.
Brother Guy said that he and his long-time wife had

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

never been able to have kids and so, he had no one to leave his club too as they were considering retiring when the Summer of Love in 2020 blew up in their faces.
He paused, took a long look about the bar as he was about to share some deep, national security secret and then said in near a whisper:
"I have nothing against that Floyd Dude…it was a shame what happened – I have seen that more than a few times down there on Sunset over the years.

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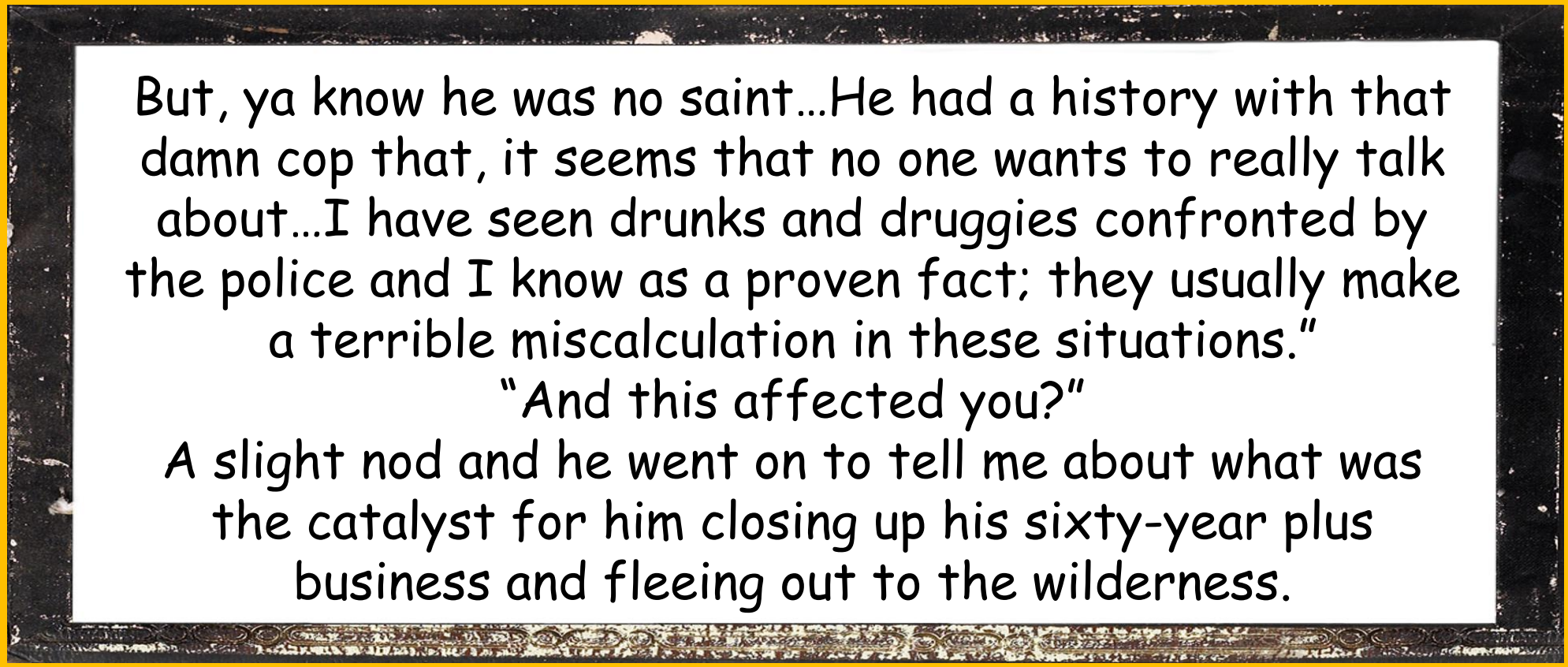
But, ya know he was no saint…He had a history with that damn cop that, it seems that no one wants to really talk about…I have seen drunks and druggies confronted by the police and I know as a proven fact; they usually make a terrible miscalculation in these situations."
"And this affected you?"
A slight nod and he went on to tell me about what was the catalyst for him closing up his sixty-year plus business and fleeing out to the wilderness.

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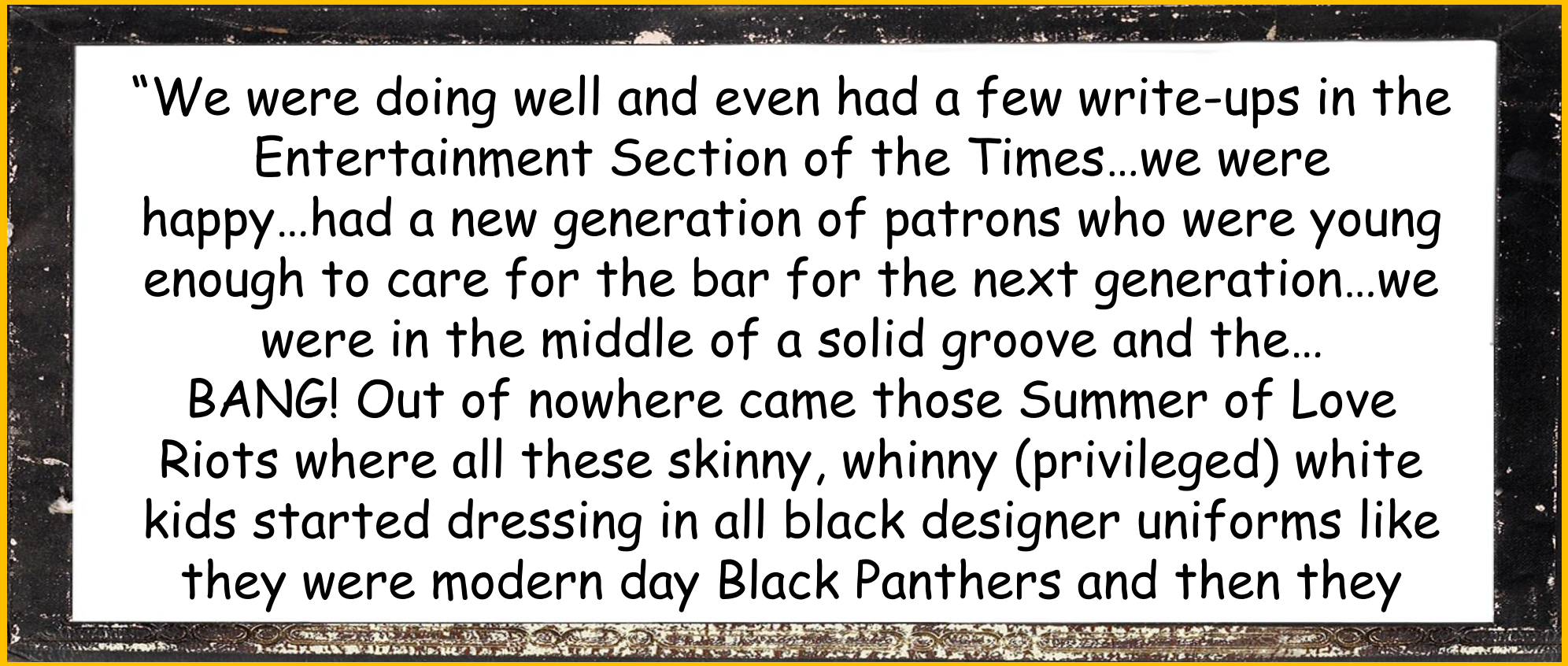
"We were doing well and even had a few write-ups in the Entertainment Section of the Times...we were happy...had a new generation of patrons who were young enough to care for the bar for the next generation...we were in the middle of a solid groove and the...
BANG! Out of nowhere came those Summer of Love Riots where all these skinny, whinny (privileged) white kids started dressing in all black designer uniforms like they were modern day Black Panthers and then they

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started rioting, rooting and beating anyone who dared to look them in the eye.
You see…I find their cultural stealing of the Black Panthers disgusting! I still hold a lot of respect for those Black Panther Dudes (from back in the day) as they were some brave mother_____s!
Man! Like they would stand toe-to-toe with the cops and not blink. Mean dudes and they made a lot of good points about America and society…although, they always had

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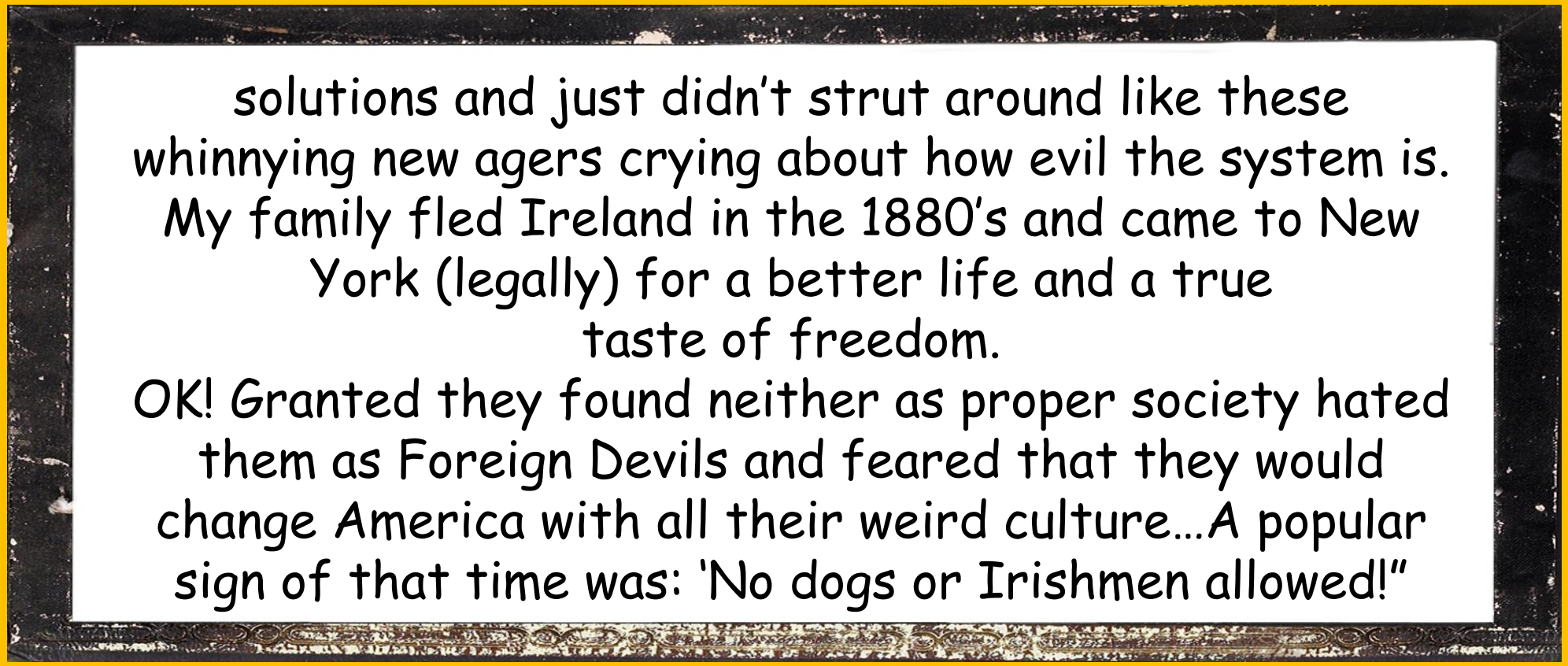
solutions and just didn't strut around like these whinnying new agers crying about how evil the system is. My family fled Ireland in the 1880's and came to New York (legally) for a better life and a true taste of freedom.
OK! Granted they found neither as proper society hated them as Foreign Devils and feared that they would change America with all their weird culture...A popular sign of that time was: 'No dogs or Irishmen allowed!"

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My family suffered, they were forced to work for as little as a ten-cents (a dime) a day in a dangerous factory on 14-hour shifts but, they worked hard and finally it all worked out as proper society's hate moved on the Puerto Ricans and they forgot all about us!"

I nicely explained that I got it...

"But why close up shop in LA?"

He sighed and slumped down in his chair as he continued the bold tale(s) of his journey out of Sin City, Babylon:

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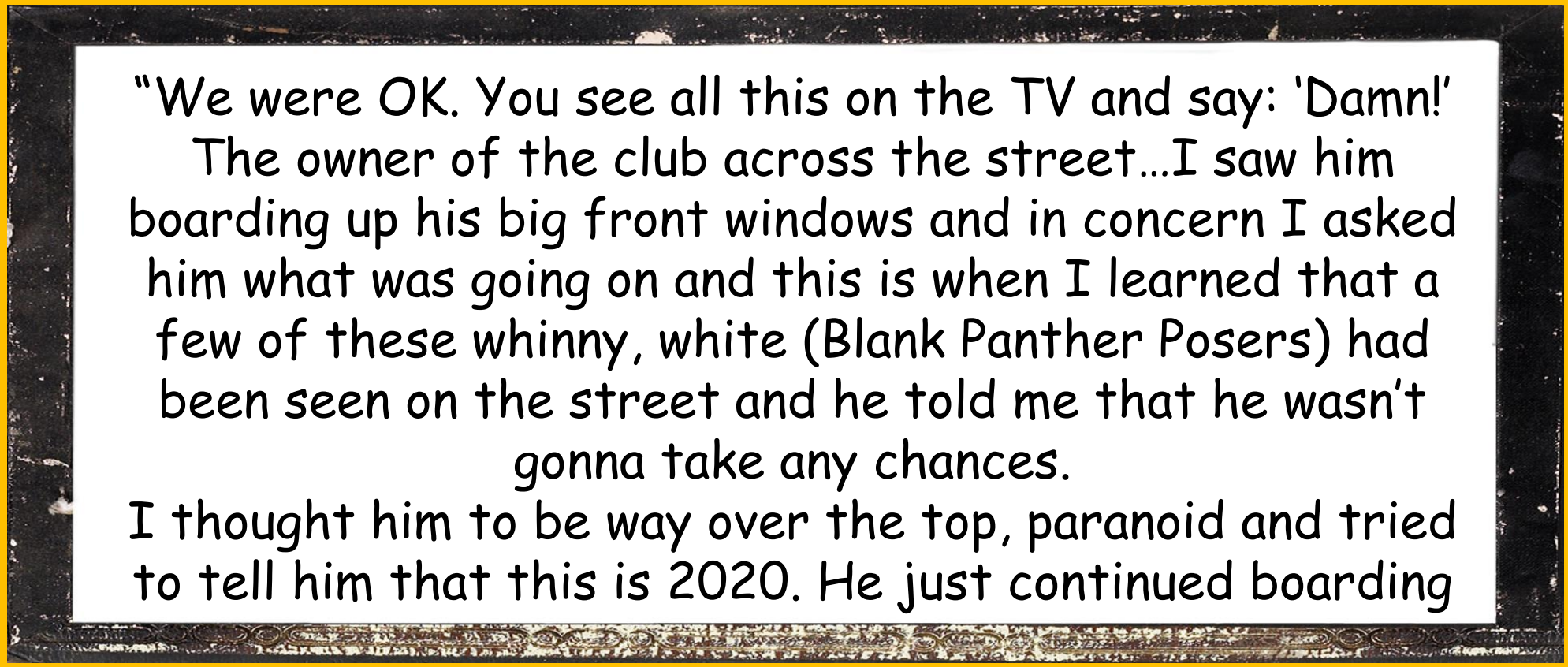
"We were OK. You see all this on the TV and say: 'Damn!'
The owner of the club across the street...I saw him boarding up his big front windows and in concern I asked him what was going on and this is when I learned that a few of these whinny, white (Blank Panther Posers) had been seen on the street and he told me that he wasn't gonna take any chances.
I thought him to be way over the top, paranoid and tried to tell him that this is 2020. He just continued boarding

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up his window while mumbling about how he should have listened to his grandson, sold the club and retired to Costa Rica.

Be a sensible person like I think myself to be; I let his warning go over my head as I dismissed it to the fact that Mr. Sammy was getting long-in-tooth (like really old) and maybe, he should listen to his grandson…Although, they do say that Costa Rica is overrated ever since they got over run by California

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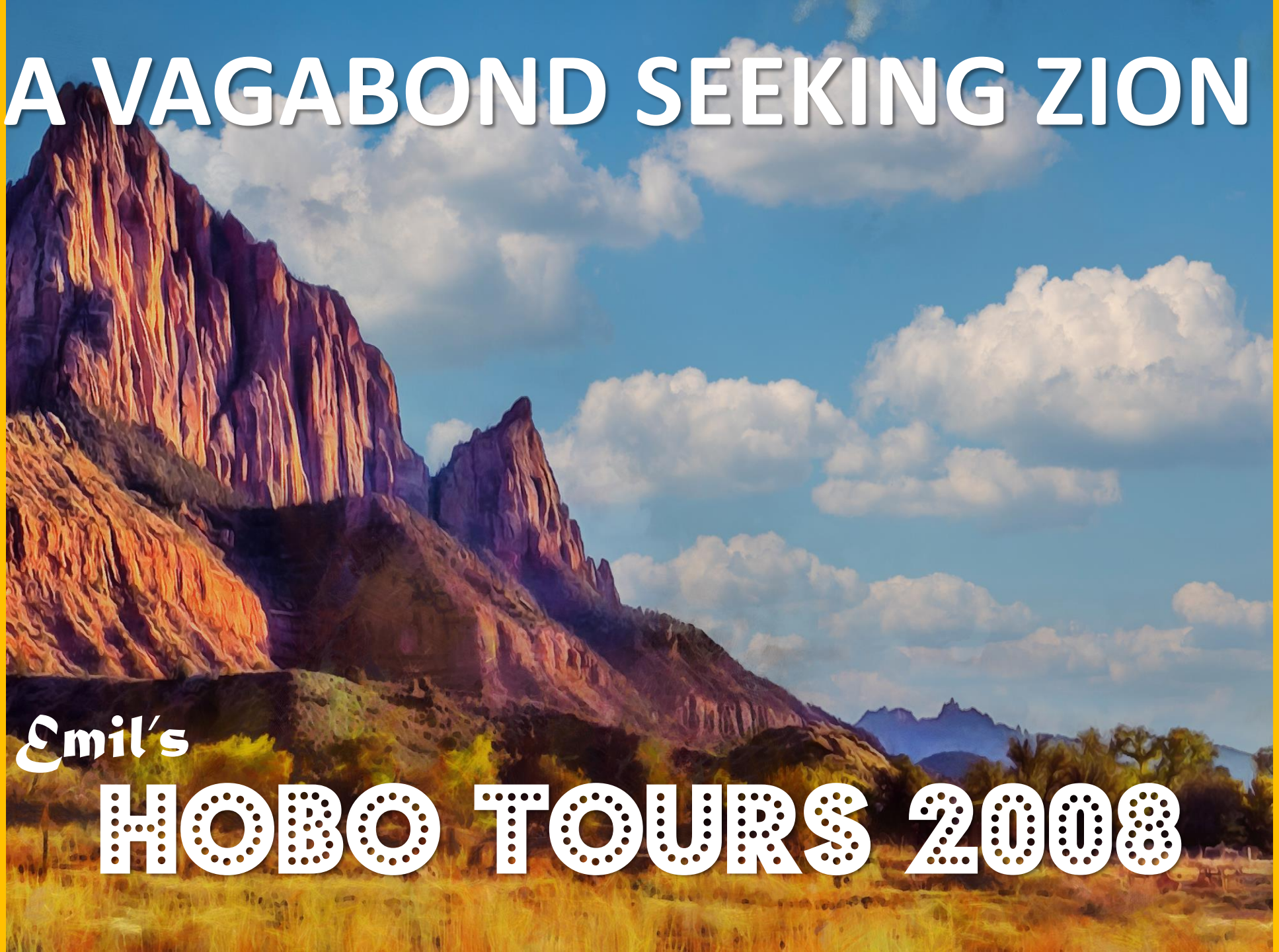

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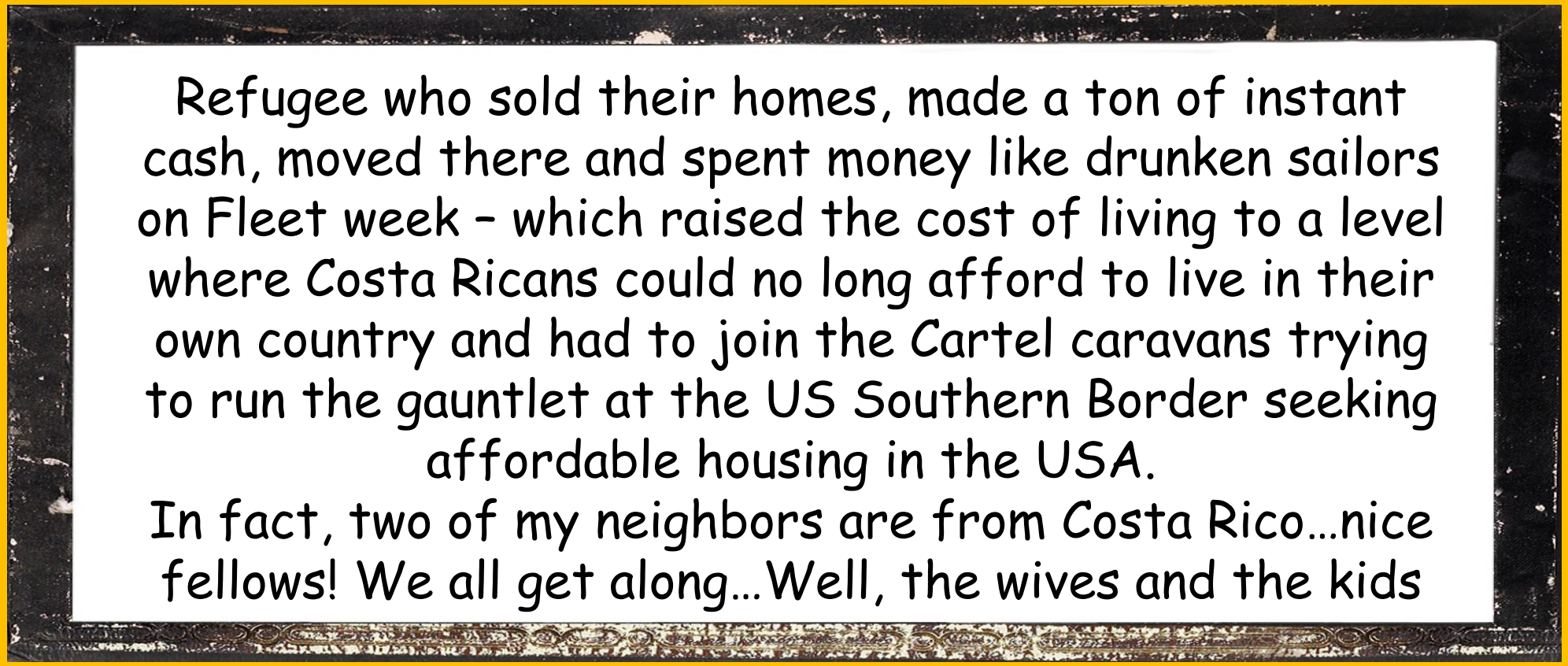
Refugee who sold their homes, made a ton of instant cash, moved there and spent money like drunken sailors on Fleet week – which raised the cost of living to a level where Costa Ricans could no long afford to live in their own country and had to join the Cartel caravans trying to run the gauntlet at the US Southern Border seeking affordable housing in the USA.
In fact, two of my neighbors are from Costa Rico…nice fellows! We all get along…Well, the wives and the kids

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

are all like BFFs to each other!

Anyway!

You know how they say that you never understand something until it happens to you directly and this is what happened with the Summer of Love Riots. Early one evening (I think because LA still has a curfew

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

for anyone under 21) these young BP Possers come in chanting some crazy mantra about how all pale people are evil, racist and something to the effect that our feet stink…

They start coming up to customers, surrounding them in small groups and screaming that they need to take a knee (which is a true sign of their own economic privileged as the concept of "Taking the Knee" was ripped of directly from HBO's Cable Series 'Game of

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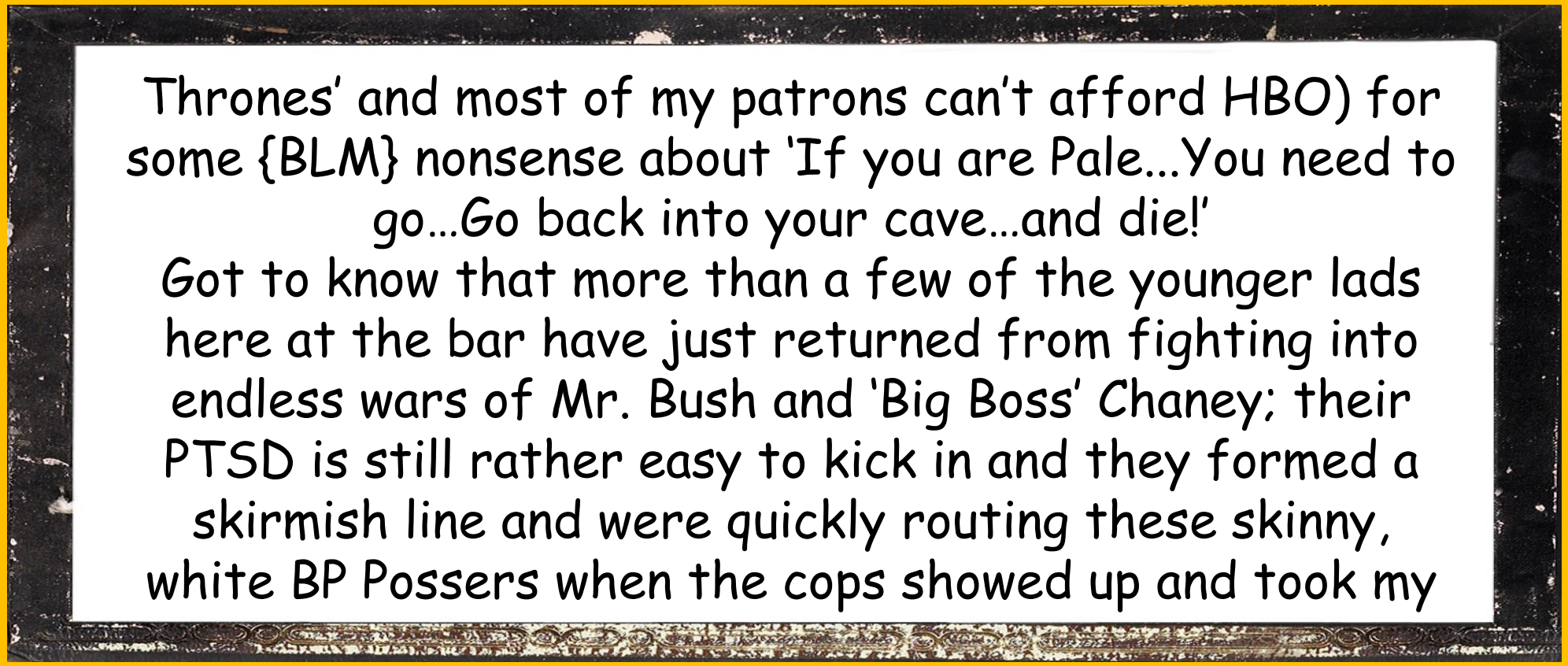
Thrones' and most of my patrons can't afford HBO) for some {BLM} nonsense about 'If you are Pale...You need to go...Go back into your cave...and die!'
Got to know that more than a few of the younger lads here at the bar have just returned from fighting into endless wars of Mr. Bush and 'Big Boss' Chaney; their PTSD is still rather easy to kick in and they formed a skirmish line and were quickly routing these skinny, white BP Possers when the cops showed up and took my

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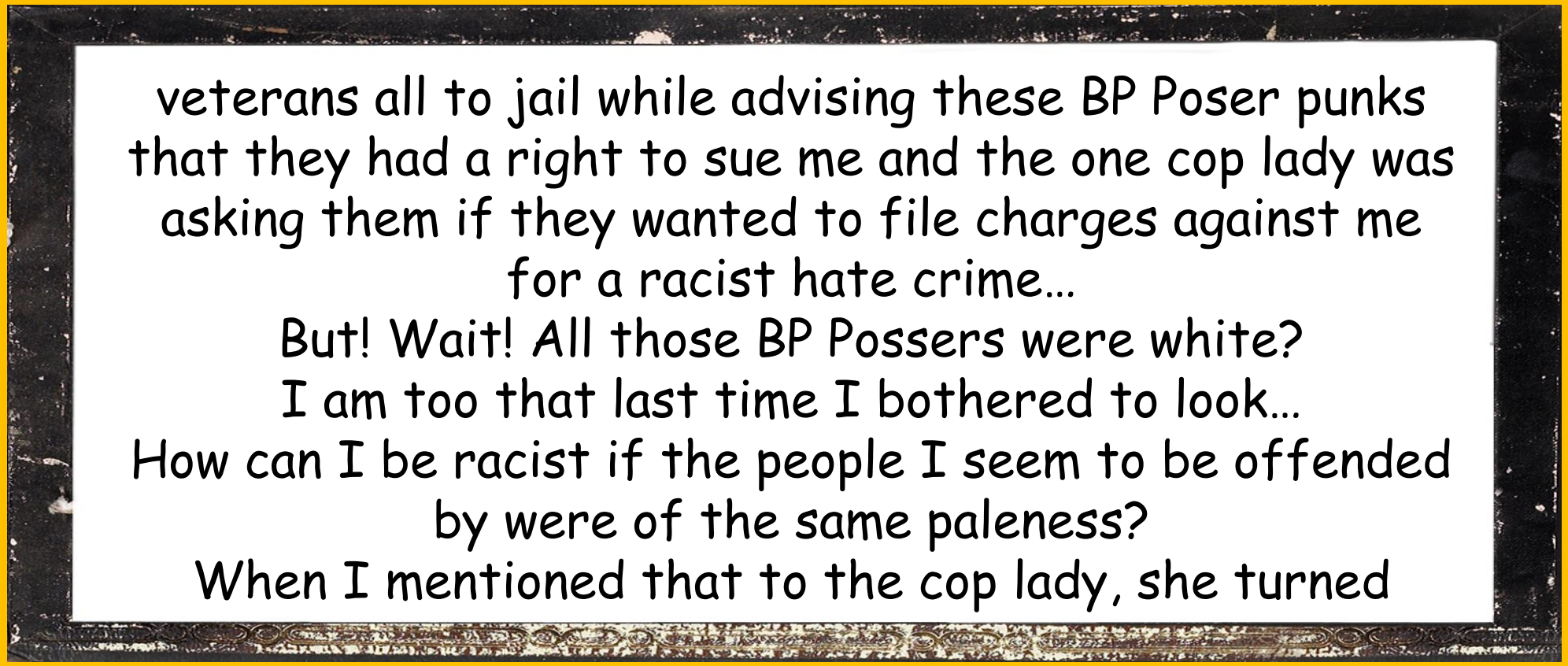
veterans all to jail while advising these BP Poser punks
that they had a right to sue me and the one cop lady was
asking them if they wanted to file charges against me
for a racist hate crime…
But! Wait! All those BP Possers were white?
I am too that last time I bothered to look…
How can I be racist if the people I seem to be offended
by were of the same paleness?
When I mentioned that to the cop lady, she turned

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

around and called me an evil 'WS Racist Pig.'
Except for the fact that she was pale herself…
Go Figure?
What has become of this world?
Who put these punks in charge?
Seems like I returned in some weird 'Circle of Life' shit to back to New York in the 1880's when my great grandparents come ashore and like how they were treated is now returning and taking a dump on my front

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

door step (which another cop told me is now legal to do in LA when I called 9-1-1 to report some hobos using the front of my club as a free 'port-a-john.')
That was it! I had had enough!
Having much debate with the wife, I agreed that we should move back to her hometown here in Utah…she still has family and cousins here…her second cousin is on the city council (a good Mormon Boy) and that might be {WINK…WINK…Say NO more} why we get a free pass

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A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

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HOBO TOURS 2008

A VAGABOND SEEKING ZION

by the local officials…Don't know…just thinking…family and communities are really strong here…
Hey Buddy! You want another round…it's on the house since you are such a good listener!"
I nodded and gratefully accepted his most kind offer.
Brother Guy is a good guy and while he might not always use the proper Woke Terminologies his heart is in the right place.
I would mention his club's name but he asked me not to

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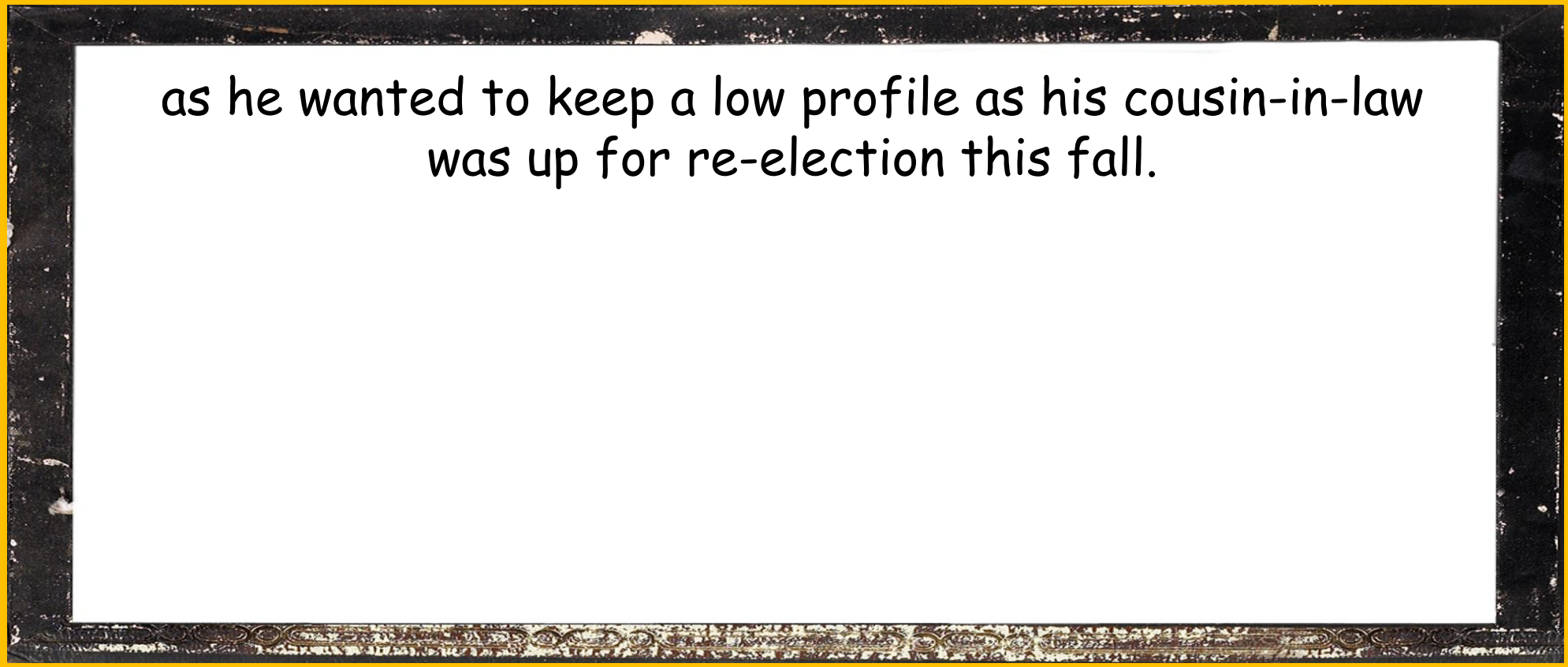

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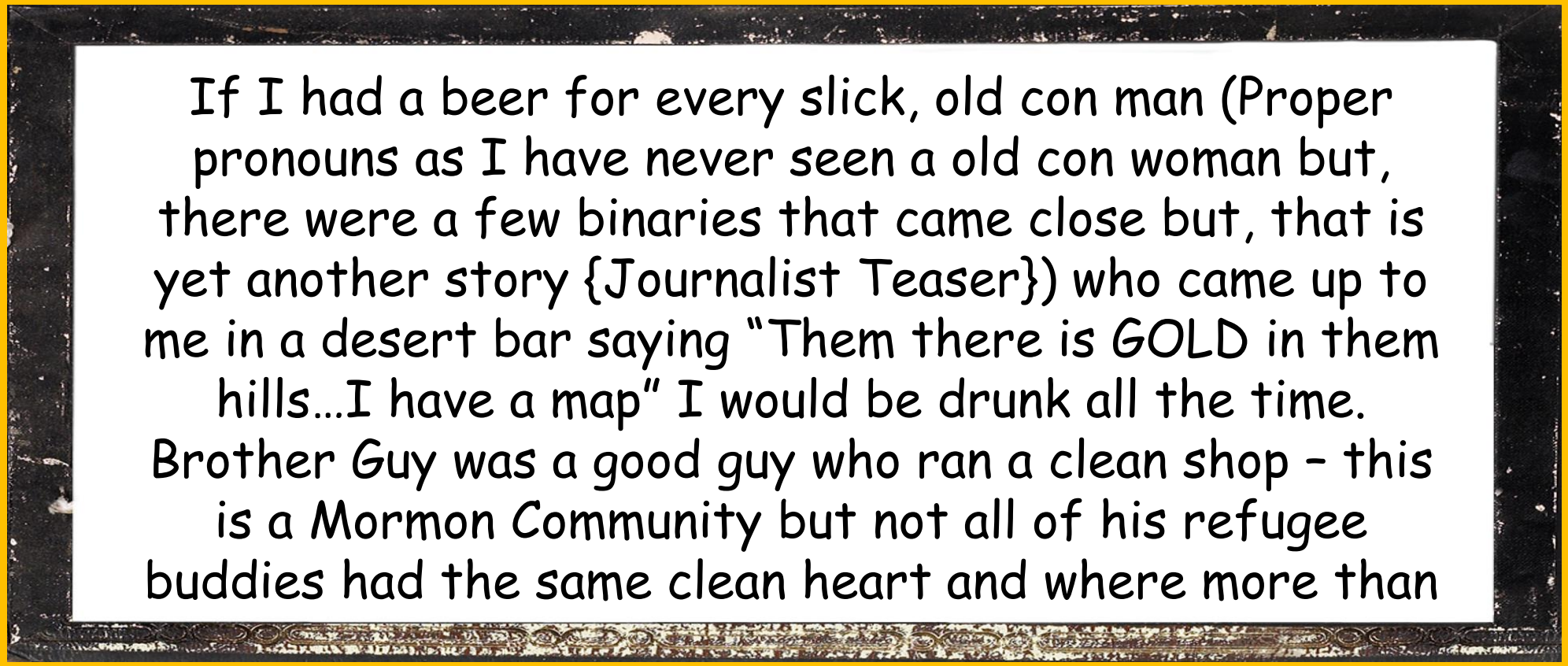

If I had a beer for every slick, old con man (Proper pronouns as I have never seen a old con woman but, there were a few binaries that came close but, that is yet another story {Journalist Teaser}) who came up to me in a desert bar saying "Them there is GOLD in them hills…I have a map" I would be drunk all the time. Brother Guy was a good guy who ran a clean shop – this is a Mormon Community but not all of his refugee buddies had the same clean heart and where more than

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willing to take advantage of a Foreign Devil passing through on the Hobo Road to somewhere else. See, I am hip to this particular scam as Seine, Claudie and I had run similar variations of this in Asia for a generation…So, I saw this coming when an old dude (I assume this is the correct pronoun as he was one damn ugly woman or even a binary for that matter too…have I offended enough of you yet?) all dressed to the tee as an ancient desert hobo prospector (he looked

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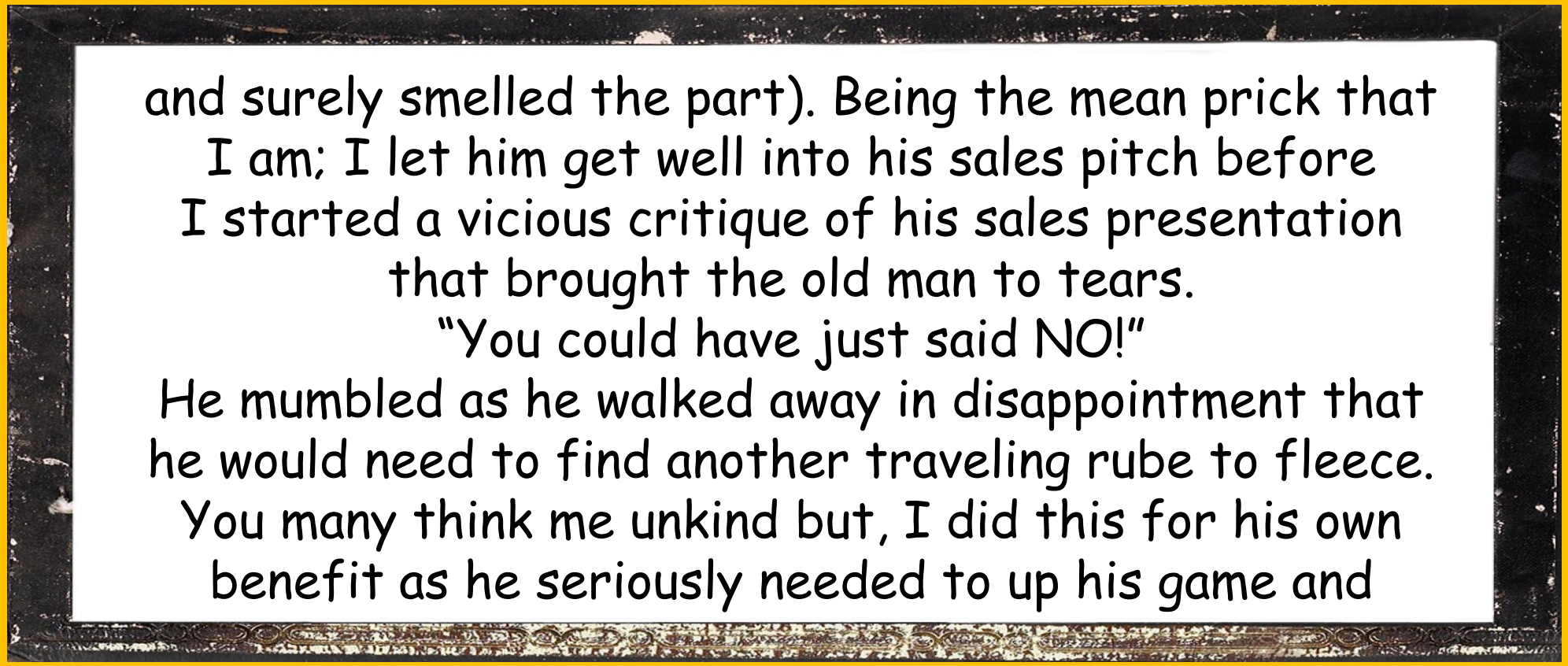
and surely smelled the part). Being the mean prick that
I am; I let him get well into his sales pitch before
I started a vicious critique of his sales presentation
that brought the old man to tears.
"You could have just said NO!"
He mumbled as he walked away in disappointment that
he would need to find another traveling rube to fleece.
You many think me unkind but, I did this for his own
benefit as he seriously needed to up his game and

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narrative was too full of holes that even Little Stevie Wonder would have found a away out of this conversation.

I tell you from a lot of experience that this scam is not for your common amateur scammer as it requires a proper balance between the entertainment value of an exciting back story of "lost treasure" mixed with dangers like killer local tribes and having the ability to ability to close the deal – and the "I LUV NY" cap didn't

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help make him seem like "Yosemite Sam! Any more than his Jersey City accent (which I stand corrected, I was later told he was from Phily) helped in his presentation of himself as an original '49er, hard drinking miner. Sorry…like…it was just sad to see this most artistic and creative scam dragged out like a past due debtor being dragged behind your Uncle Herman's old Chevy truck for more than a few miles at 60 mph…but, relax!
It was a proper dirt road!
"

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from the other end of the bar…given her matching costume… I am almost certain that she was the scams wingman (Hey! Quit dogging me here with your {I assume – otherwise show me your papers!} self-appointed role as the Pronoun Defense League as it is an accepted word in the Oxford-English Dictionary…Don't like it…take it up with them NOT me…STOP Bullying ME, kindly!) and the old guy was her dad??? She seemed way too young to be his wife??? Whatever!

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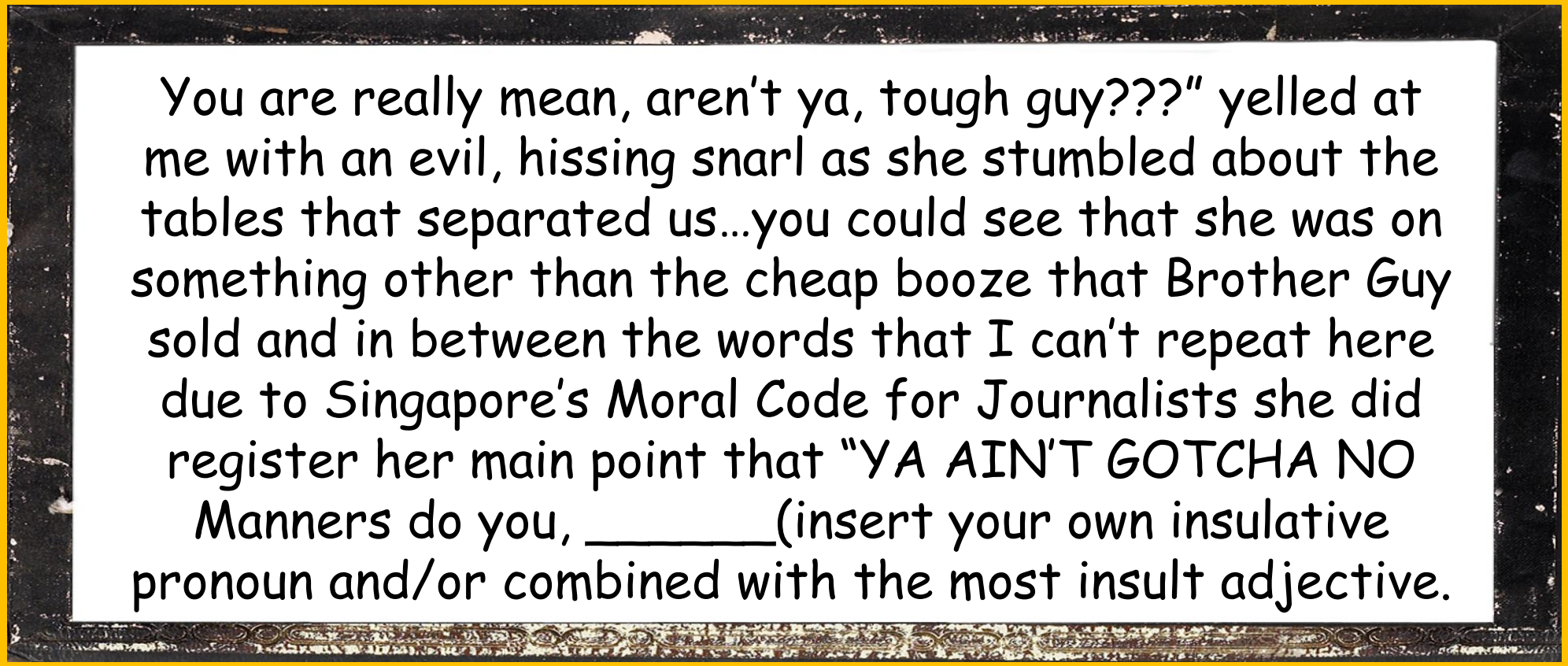
You are really mean, aren't ya, tough guy???" yelled at me with an evil, hissing snarl as she stumbled about the tables that separated us…you could see that she was on something other than the cheap booze that Brother Guy sold and in between the words that I can't repeat here due to Singapore's Moral Code for Journalists she did register her main point that "YA AIN'T GOTCHA NO Manners do you, _____(insert your own insulative pronoun and/or combined with the most insult adjective.

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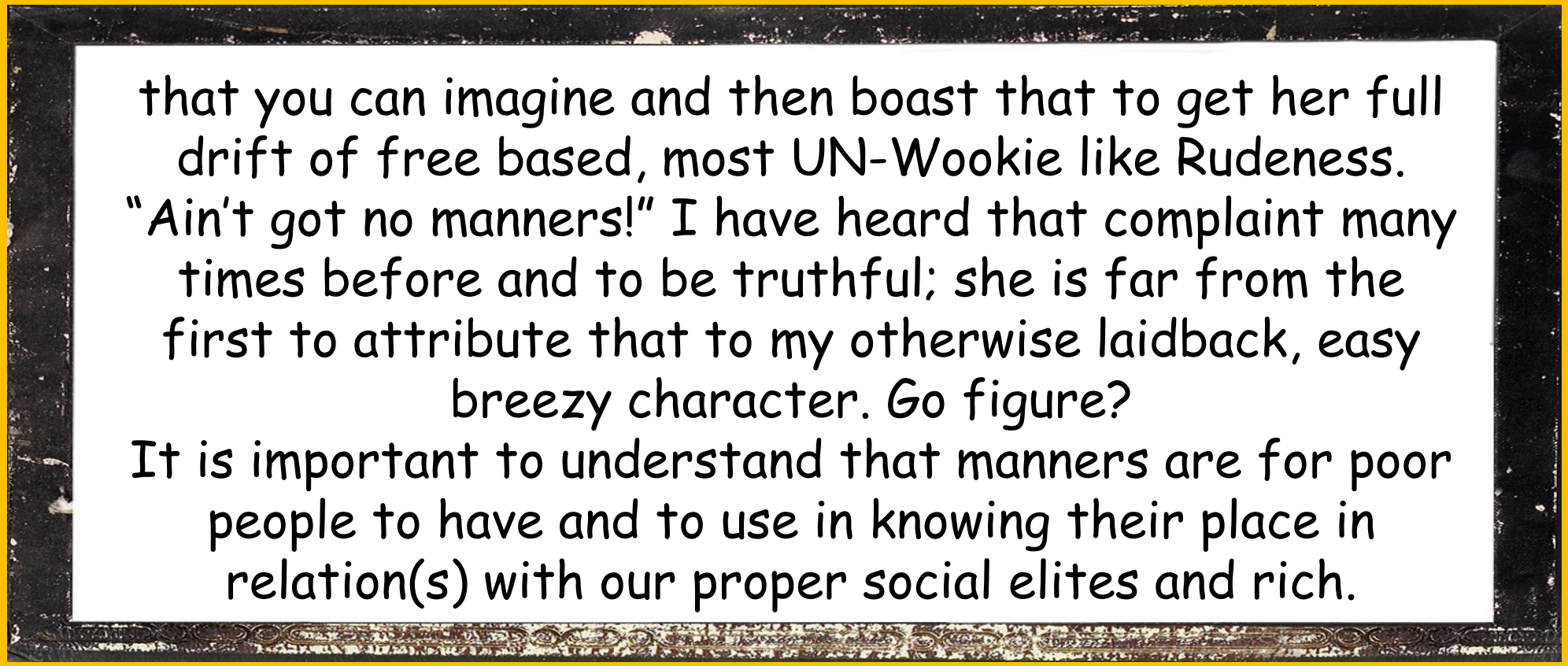
that you can imagine and then boast that to get her full drift of free based, most UN-Wookie like Rudeness.
"Ain't got no manners!" I have heard that complaint many times before and to be truthful; she is far from the first to attribute that to my otherwise laidback, easy breezy character. Go figure?
It is important to understand that manners are for poor people to have and to use in knowing their place in relation(s) with our proper social elites and rich.

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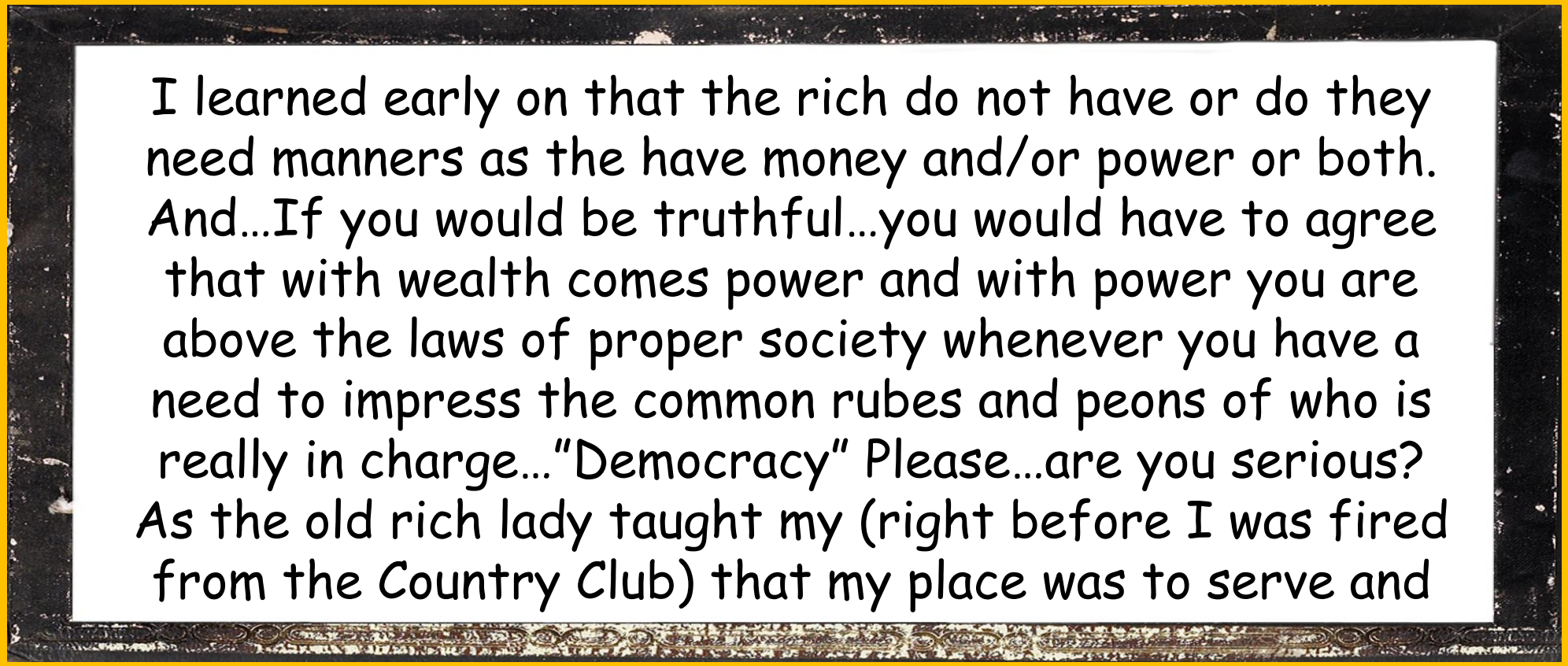
I learned early on that the rich do not have or do they need manners as the have money and/or power or both. And…If you would be truthful…you would have to agree that with wealth comes power and with power you are above the laws of proper society whenever you have a need to impress the common rubes and peons of who is really in charge…"Democracy" Please…are you serious? As the old rich lady taught my (right before I was fired from the Country Club) that my place was to serve and

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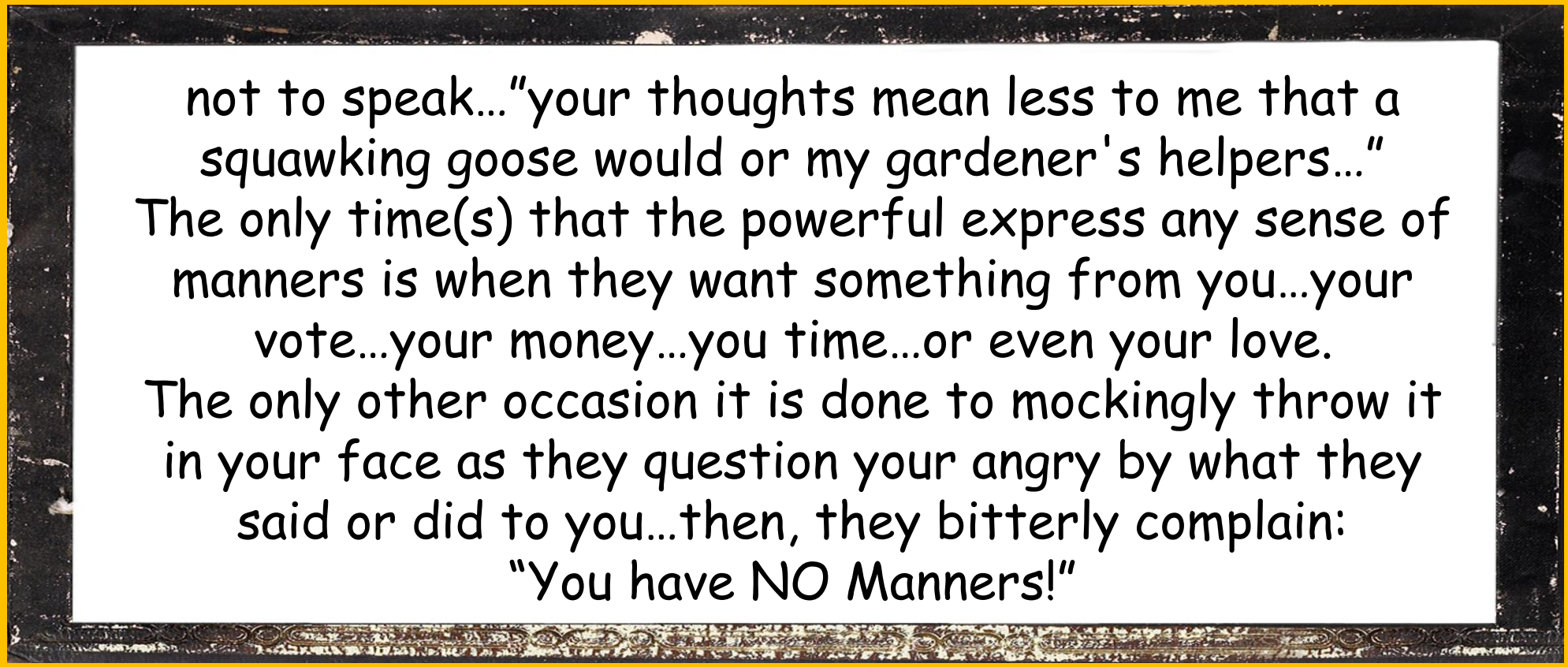
not to speak…"your thoughts mean less to me that a squawking goose would or my gardener's helpers…"
The only time(s) that the powerful express any sense of manners is when they want something from you…your vote…your money…you time…or even your love.
The only other occasion it is done to mockingly throw it in your face as they question your angry by what they said or did to you…then, they bitterly complain:
"You have NO Manners!"

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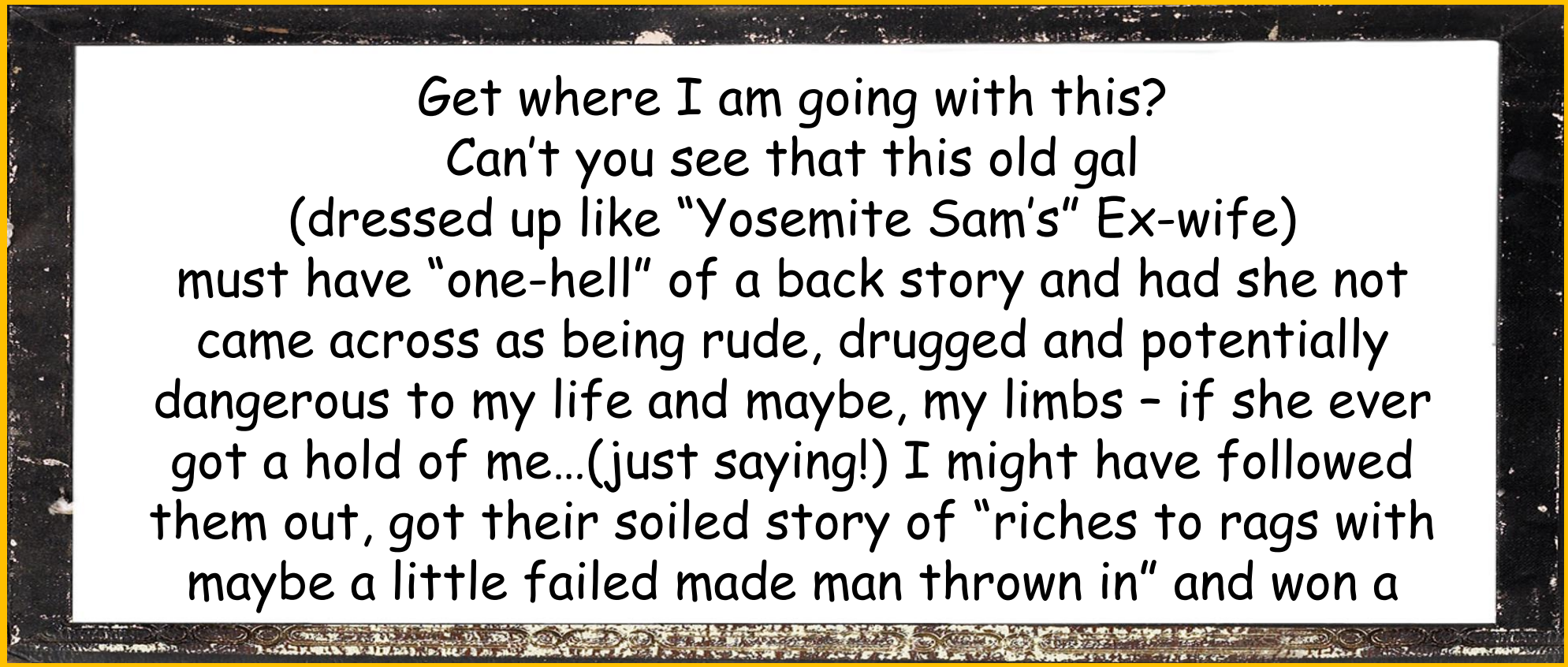
Get where I am going with this?
Can't you see that this old gal
(dressed up like "Yosemite Sam's" Ex-wife)
must have "one-hell" of a back story and had she not
came across as being rude, drugged and potentially
dangerous to my life and maybe, my limbs – if she ever
got a hold of me…(just saying!) I might have followed
them out, got their soiled story of "riches to rags with
maybe a little failed made man thrown in" and won a

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Pulitzer or been on the Times Best Book List with a bullet. Missed opportunity all the way around as I already knew who I would have played their roles in the "Mother of all Blockbusters"…the incredible well-produced "Made-for-TV" Mini-Series on HBO. Think about this…let it sink in…then, please tell me how brilliant it would to have Al Pacino and Meryl Streep… I see Oscars, Gold Globes and at least a nine count on Rotten Tomatoes…

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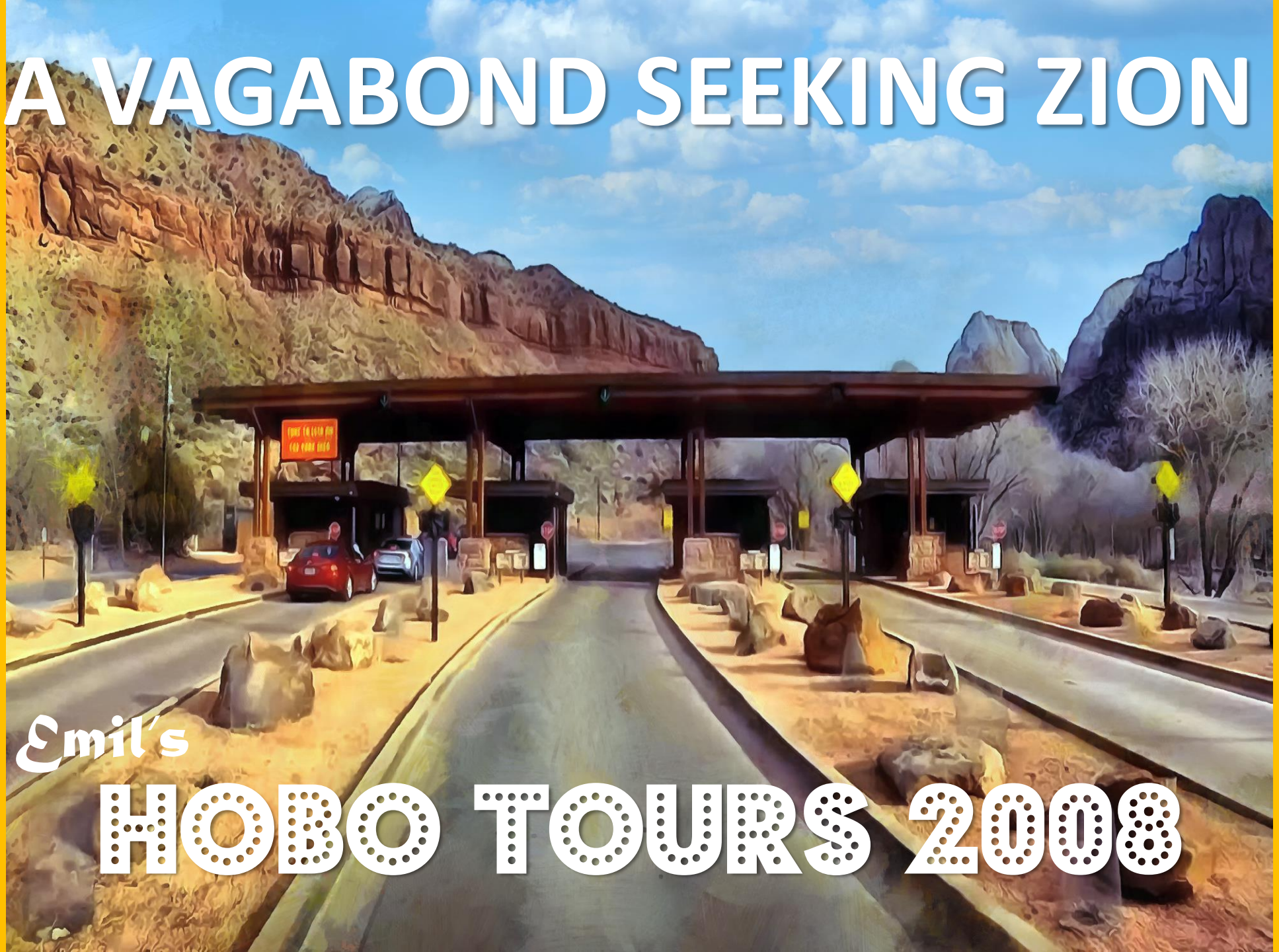

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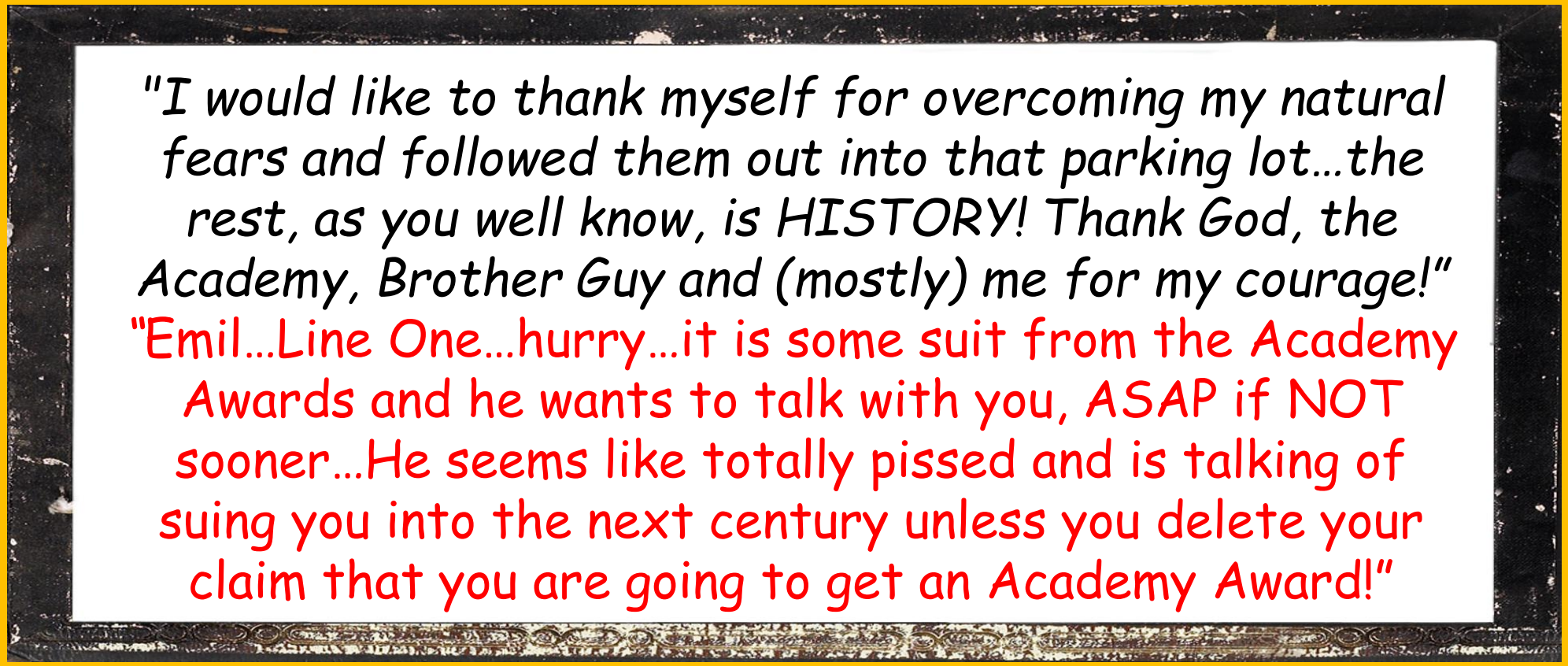
"I would like to thank myself for overcoming my natural fears and followed them out into that parking lot…the rest, as you well know, is HISTORY! Thank God, the Academy, Brother Guy and (mostly) me for my courage!"
"Emil…Line One…hurry…it is some suit from the Academy Awards and he wants to talk with you, ASAP if NOT sooner…He seems like totally pissed and is talking of suing you into the next century unless you delete your claim that you are going to get an Academy Award!"

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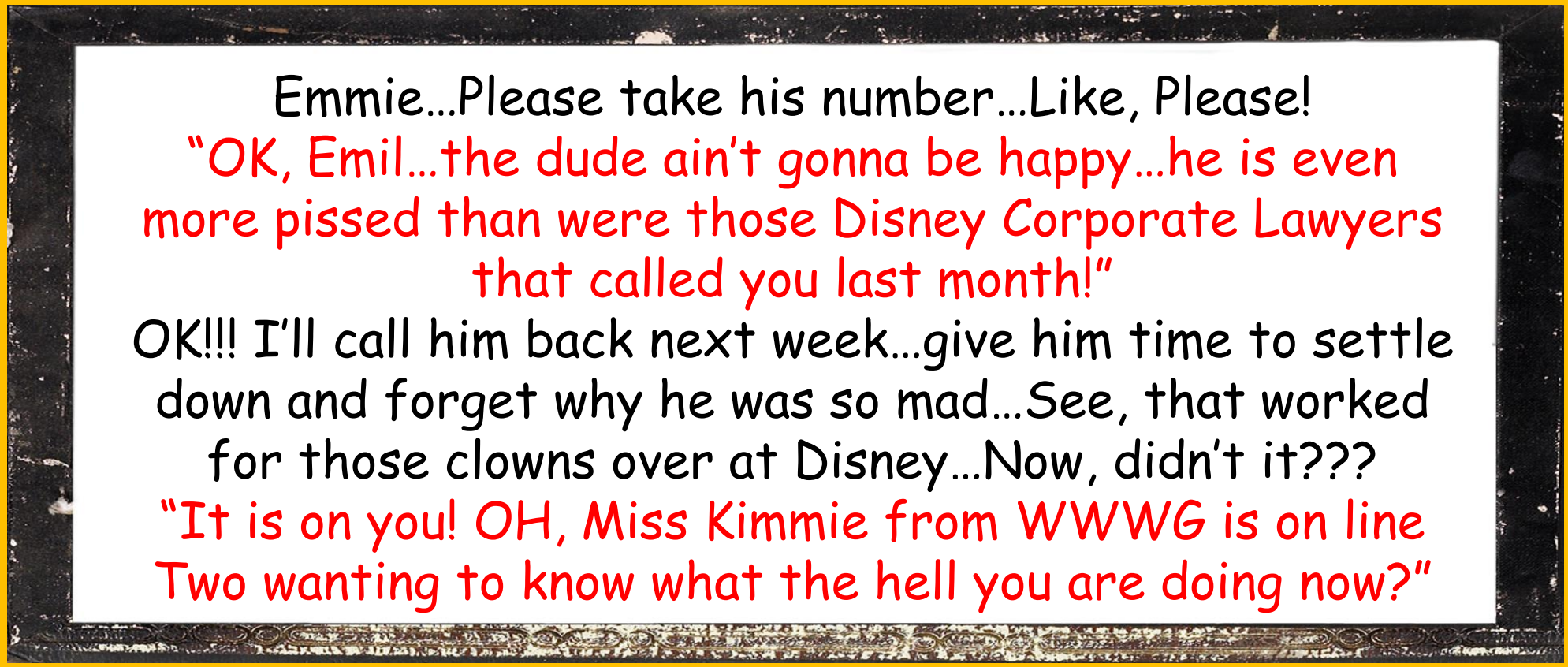
Emmie…Please take his number…Like, Please!
"OK, Emil…the dude ain't gonna be happy…he is even more pissed than were those Disney Corporate Lawyers that called you last month!"
OK!!! I'll call him back next week…give him time to settle down and forget why he was so mad…See, that worked for those clowns over at Disney…Now, didn't it???
"It is on you! OH, Miss Kimmie from WWWG is on line Two wanting to know what the hell you are doing now?"

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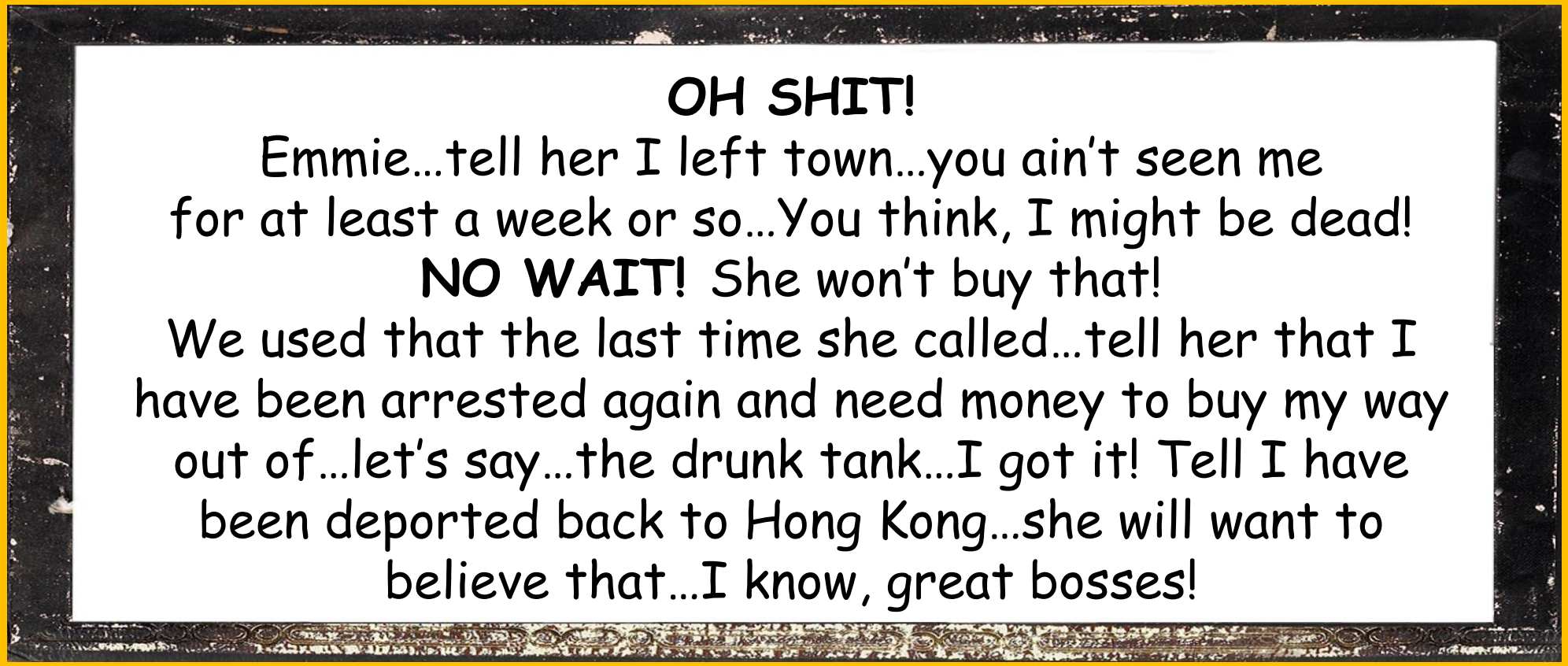
OH SHIT!
Emmie…tell her I left town…you ain't seen me for at least a week or so…You think, I might be dead!
NO WAIT! She won't buy that!
We used that the last time she called…tell her that I have been arrested again and need money to buy my way out of…let's say…the drunk tank…I got it! Tell I have been deported back to Hong Kong…she will want to believe that…I know, great bosses!

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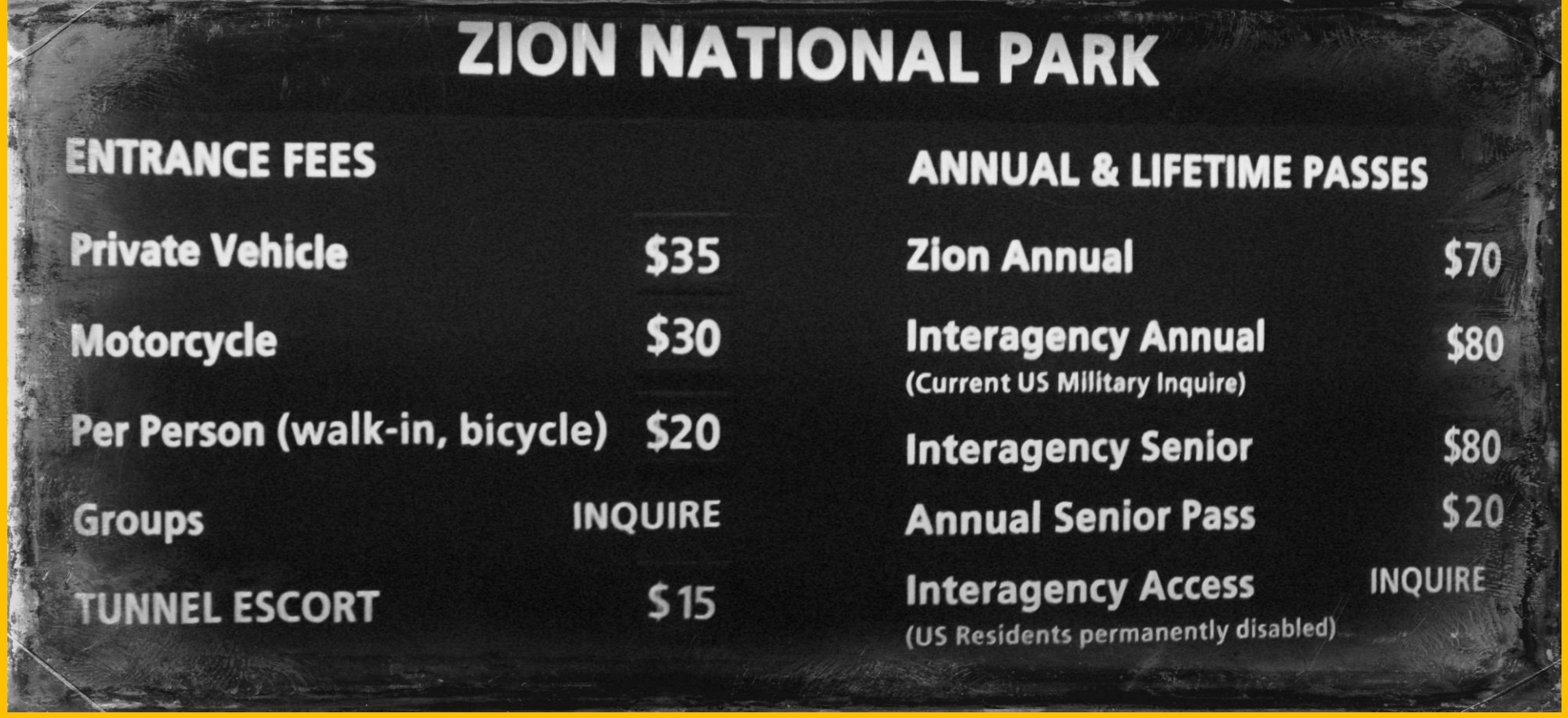

If you ever want to know when America really collapse…This sign says it all! When crack cocaine costs less than a trip to the National Park, a baseball game or even a Springsteen Concert…even a blind person could see the truth that it was all over…gone…Just thank God the no one in Amerika knew as their electric cars could not travel that far!

Emil's POSTCARDS FROM NEPAL

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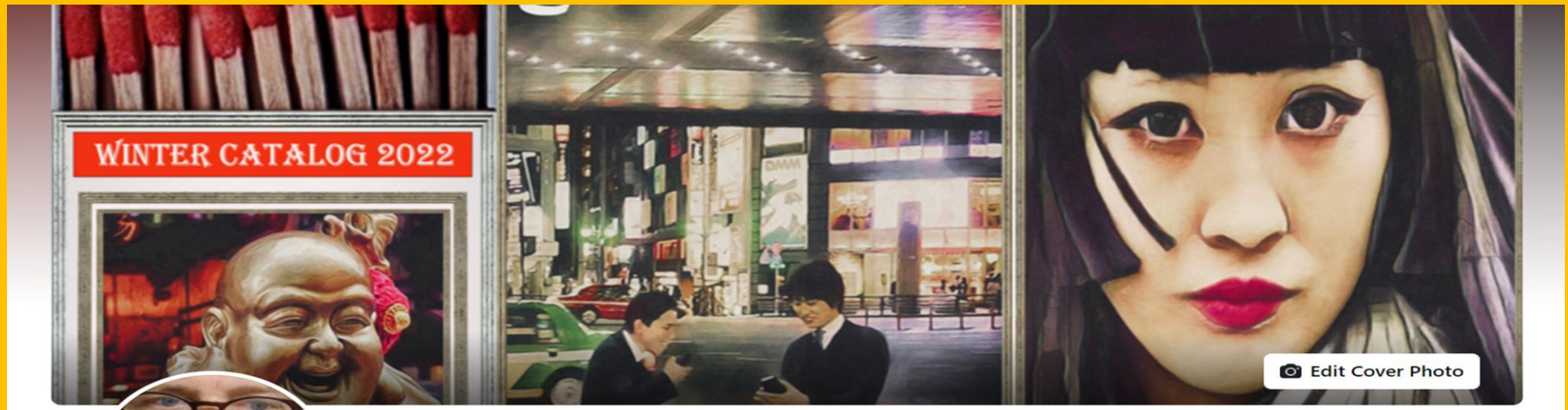

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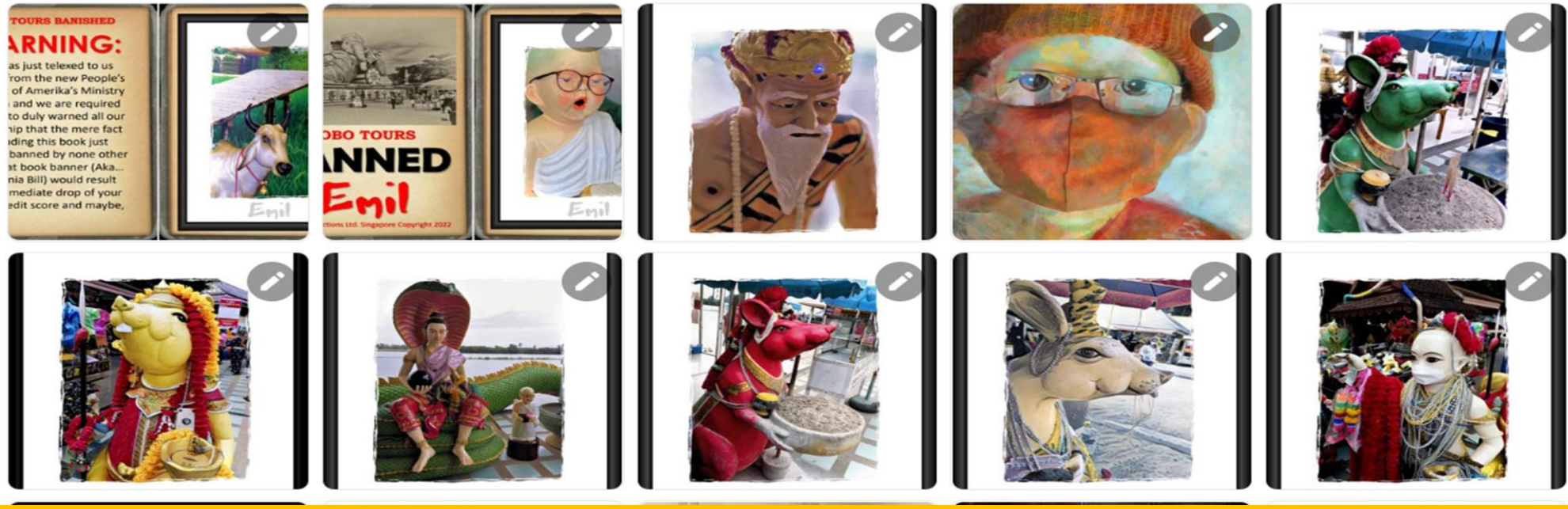
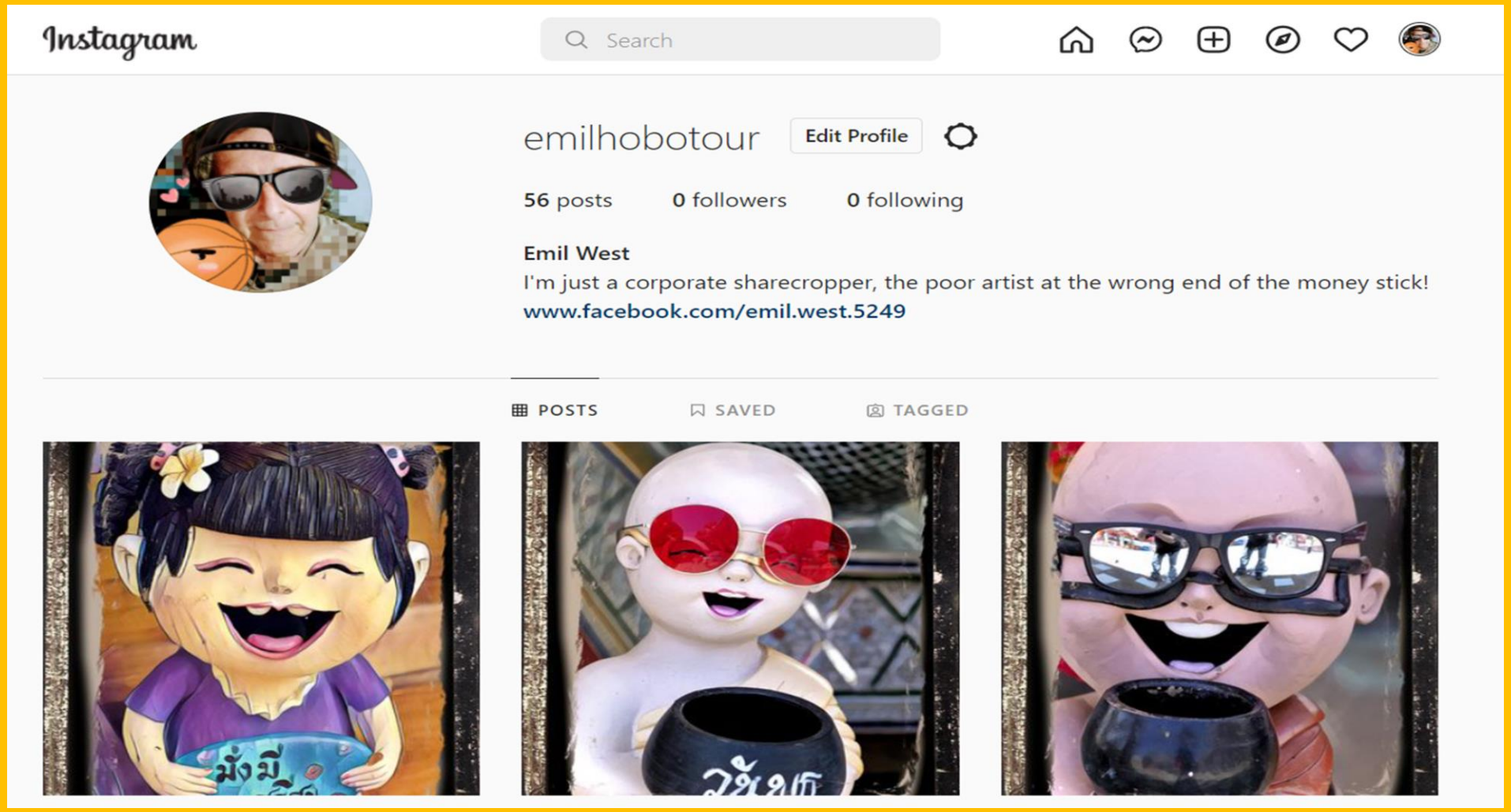


Will be here until next Saturday with two shows per night...Thank you, very kindly!

https://www.instagram.com/emilhobotour/



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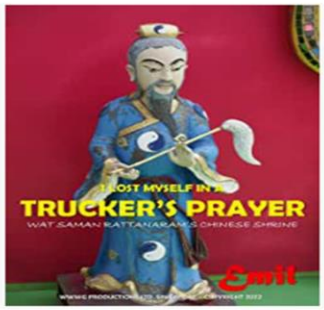

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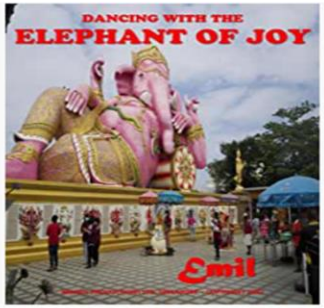

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